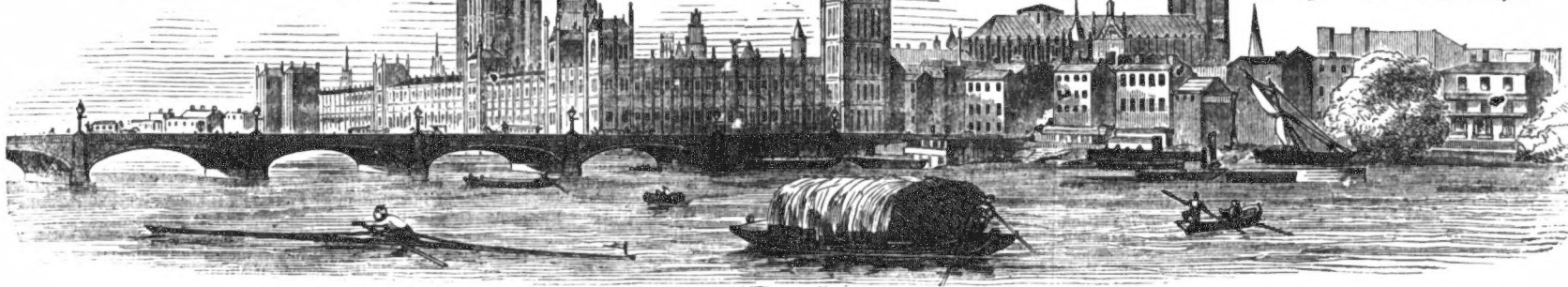


THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 318.—NEW SERIES 38.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1867.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE IRISH BISHOPS' MANIFESTO.

THE resolutions of the Roman Catholic Bishops in Dublin, afford, it must be owned, a mortifying contrast to the feeble maunderings of their Anglican brethren. There is no cant or nonsense in their resolutions. They say what they have to say in plain straightforward business-like language, and what they have to say relates to practical matters of the highest importance. They address themselves to three subjects — the Church Establishment, national education, and Fenianism — and on each of these subjects they speak with the most unmistakable plainness. With regard to the Established Church they say that it is supported "almost exclusively by property and revenue unjustly alienated from the rightful owner—the Catholic Church of Ireland;" that they regard the continued maintenance of the Established Church out of these revenues "as a gross injustice and an abiding insult;" that they will not under any circumstances compromise themselves by receiving State endowments; and that "by appropriating the ecclesiastical property of Ireland for the benefit of the poor the Legislature would realize one of the purposes to which it was originally destined." As to the practical question there can, we apprehend, be little difference of opinion between men of sense. It does not admit of a doubt that, saving existing rights, the Protestant Church ought to be disendowed. As to the use to be made of the endowments, no doubt the matter would be one of a good deal of difficulty. If they were sold as the existing incumbencies terminated, the depreciation arising from throwing upon the market at once a large mass of landed property would be avoided, and there ought not, one would think, to be any insuperable difficulty in disposing of the proceeds. Mr. Grant Duff's suggestion that a system of popular education should be established out of them is a very tempting one, but it appears to us as dangerous as it is tempting. The inevitable religious question would meet us again under a slightly different shape. If a national system were established out of the ecclesiastical property, the cry of spoliation would still be heard, and to establish a denominational system under the control of the Roman Catholic clergy is to give them even greater power over the souls of the people than they possess as it is. As to giving the money to the poor, it is not easy to say what the proposal means. If it means simply that large sums should be distributed in alms, we can imagine nothing more mischievous. If it means that



MISS AVONIA JONES.—(MRS. G. V. BROOKE).—See page 604.

If nothing else could be done with the money, it might go towards lightening local taxation or local public debts, and would thus at all events do no mischief. The great thing to be done is to get the property turned into money and the money spent in some inoffensive if not useful manner, so that the whole subject may at once and for ever be at an end. It must be remembered that if it is decided to realize the property at once, the charge of providing for the present incumbents would naturally be thrown upon it, and this would considerably diminish its value. Almost any system of education is very much better than none, and with all our eagerness we ought not to forget that we are comparing not good things with bad, but things undoubtedly good in their kind and degree with each other. The question at issue relates not to a choice of evils, but to a choice of advantages. Without speaking, therefore, of the denominational system as a positive evil, we may be allowed to say that it is in a great variety of ways a very bad system, and that it can hardly be doubted that one of the very first tasks which the new Parliament will have to undertake will be the substitution for it in England of a national system. Those who think so are surely consistent in saying to the Irish, who have already got something of a national system, we most assuredly do not mean to put the whole education of the country into the hands of the priests. We will never admit that a national Legislature which represents as nearly as we can make it represent the opinions and wishes of the adult males of the whole country is not perfectly competent to decide for itself, and for those whom it represents, upon the course of instruction which is to be provided for by the public fund which it raises. Such a Legislature cannot recognize any Church or any body of clergy whatever in any other than one of two characters. The State will make its own laws and institutions as it sees fit, and the clergy, like other people, must respect and make the best of them when they are made. The denominational system in England exists not because it has ever been deliberately chosen as the best system which could be had, but because the clergy, and to a certain extent the gentry, by their own private efforts and at their own expense, filled up to a considerable extent the gap which had been left by the negligence of the State, and established a vast number of schools for which they afterwards obtained State assistance. This exceptional state of things, does not exist in Ireland.

charitable institutions likely to be generally useful should be founded, the suggestion appears excellent. There must be almost innumerable ways in which the poor could be permanently and obviously benefited by the application of such funds, without raising any of the irritating questions of creed which would be involved in a general scheme of education. Hospitals, various kinds of public works, schemes for improvements which would be specially beneficial to the poor, might all be forwarded by the judicious use of such sources.

when they are made. The denominational system in England exists not because it has ever been deliberately chosen as the best system which could be had, but because the clergy, and to a certain extent the gentry, by their own private efforts and at their own expense, filled up to a considerable extent the gap which had been left by the negligence of the State, and established a vast number of schools for which they afterwards obtained State assistance. This exceptional state of things, does not exist in Ireland.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

We deeply regret to announce that the venerable Bishop of Lincoln died suddenly on Saturday night.

A marriage has just taken place in Paris between the Marquis de Broussay and Miss Macdonald.

At a meeting of the Board of Works, held at the City Hall, on Tuesday, it was resolved to appoint a chaplain to relieve Mr. Spurgeon of his heavier routine work. His brother, it is understood, is to be the man.

The St. Olave's Board of Works have under consideration the plan of Mr. Barlow for making a way under the Thames, from Horsleydown to the opposite shore, for omnibuses and other traffic.

Let any one who wants to know how his ancestors cooked lobsters in A.D. 1381 read, "For to make a Lopister. He schal be rosted in his sculls in a ovyn, other by the Feer under a panne, and etyn wyth Veneger."

MADAME BOLENE, the dancer and columbine, on Wednesday afternoon was seized with a fit, and it is supposed, broke a blood-vessel. The unfortunate lady expired on Friday. Madame Bolene and her husband were engaged for the season for the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre.

TELEGRAPHIC communication is about to be provided between the chief police-office in Scotland-yard and the chief station of the Fire Brigade at Watling-street, in order to facilitate the transmission of information as to fires in the metropolis by the police. The cost will be £20 per annum, and it will be defrayed by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

A new steam road-roller was successfully tried in Hyde-park the other day. This machine effectually and rapidly reduced the heavily "metalled" macadamized surface of the road to a smooth, hard and durable state. It is almost needless to add that this excellent contrivance is not destined for use in London, but for the comparatively remote city of Bombay. On the other hand, there is surely something magnificently attractive in the idea of the wealth of that metropolis which rolls down and grinds the surfaces of its roads by means of the delicate wheels of costly carriages, and beats them smooth with the hoofs of high-bred horses. We used to pride ourselves that an English ambassador at Paris had the silver shoes cast from the hoofs of his state horse replaced as often as the loose nails permitted; such waste was, however, but occasional; our current folly has obtained favour during more than thirty years.

Two London Colleges are asking for money to enlarge their buildings.—University and the Working Men's. University College want £20,000, of which they have raised nearly £5,000; the Working Men's College want £2,200, of which they have raised nearly £1,200. The former with £10,000 can build half a new wing for their school, and give up their present schoolrooms to the college, which will be sufficient relief for the present; the latter have enough money to build six new class-rooms, but want more to add a museum and hall. Both colleges deserve well of the nation, and, for University College, we may say, of the world. It has been true to its motto *Uniti adiuvi*: Jew and Christian, Mohammedan and Parsee it has leavened with learning alike, protesting ever against sectarian bigotry. The Working Men's College, though headed by an Episcopalian clergyman, forces no creed on its students, and has done good work among the upper class of working men and the clerks of London. We hope soon to hear that both institutions have obtained the measure of help they want and deserve.

On Friday evening an address of thanks was presented to the Rev. B. M. Cowie, vicar of St. Lawrence, from a number of laity of the City, in acknowledgment of their appreciation of the late mission services, and praying for a continuance of such services. A. Littlemore, Esq., presented the address, which bore 350 signatures. At one large warehouse near the church fifty names were attached, at two others twenty each, and at one banking-house about forty, showing that among the working men of the City, there exists an appreciation of such opportunities of joining in Church services. The Rev. S. Smith, of St. George's, Camberwell, and others were present. The vicar acknowledged the address with much feeling. He rejoiced that it comprised the signatures of many parishioners, who felt aggrieved that the church was so frequently closed, or only opened for services so dull, cold, and heartless that it was not surprising that so few attended. He would gladly accept the proffered services of a choir, and hoped to establish at once choral services at St. Lawrence. It was then arranged that the choir should enter upon their duties on the eve of All Saints' Day, the 31st instant, when the service will commence at eight o'clock. On the festival of All Saints there will be celebration of Holy Communion, and address at seven a.m. Short service and sermon at 1.15 p.m., and evensong and sermon at eight p.m. At each service a sermon will be preached by one of the colonial bishops now in England.

The mob at St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, was much less numerous and much less demonstrative last Sunday. In the morning the services proceeded as usual, the sermon being preached by the Rev. J. N. Nicholson, M.A., late curate of St. Mary's, Kilburn, and the celebrant of the Holy Communion was the incumbent, the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt. There was some talking and shuffling at the bottom of the church, but nothing approaching a disturbance took place, and the usual crowd outside in Goldsmith-square, did not number 150 people, who, however, followed Mr. Brett, one of the churchwardens, to his house on Newington-green, when they vented their anger by hissing himself and his daughters. In the evening the service was sung by Mr. Tollenache, one of the curates, and by Mr. Nicholson, and the sermon was preached by Mr. Le Geyt. The church was crammed, and the congregation was very orderly. A number of gentlemen from other churches had volunteered to help in preserving order, and no doubt this, as well as the presence of some thirty policemen in the adjoining schools, contributed to the peace of the evening. The service was over before half-past eight and at that time there was several hundred rough men and boys, not in Goldsmith-square, which was kept clear by the police, but in the adjacent streets. Here they circulated slowly in obedience to the usual order of the constables until a quarter past nine, when Mr. Brett, accompanied by some forty gentlemen, returned home, his companions guarding the steps of his house and the mob following. As Mr. Brett entered his door his friends cheered him; and the mob considering this a defiance, more particularly as Mr. Brett acknowledged the adieu, made a rush across the road. But the police were as quick, and they drove the crowd back, their onslaught causing no little fun to the bystanders. Boys were thrown down and rolled in the mud, and when they picked themselves up they began to throw mud and stones at the police, who made another rush and captured two of the ringleaders, who were locked up. The police then cleared the thoroughfare, and in an hour all was quiet. So far as the inside of the church is concerned the precautions of the churchwardens appear to have effectually put an end to the disturbances.

PAULINE LUCCA AT FRANKFORT.—We hear that Mdle. Pauline Lucca has been singing at Frankfort. The proceeds of the concert in which she took part are to be devoted to the re-building of the Frankfort Cathedral; and, in consideration, no doubt, of this fact, Mdle. Lucca was received at the entrance to the concert-hall by the Archbishop of Mayence. The municipal council did the honours of the town, and the celebrated vocalist has had the rights—or perhaps burdens would now be the proper word—of Frankfort citizenship conferred upon her.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

The Scotch mail bags have been recovered by divers from the steamship Wolf, sunk in Belfast Lough.

The names of the 29 prisoners to be tried for treason-felony and being members of a treasonable conspiracy, at the coming commission in Dublin, on the 25th inst., include those of General Octavio Fariola, arrested in London, and who, it is said, was to have taken command of the Fenians in insurrection in Ireland, General Halpin, General William Nagle, Colonel Warren, and many others who held commissions in the Federal Army.

The *Fifeshire Journal* says:—The man in charge of her Majesty's mails between Edinburgh and Perth, via Granton and Ladybank, has not been off duty a single Sunday for 16 years; the church bells all that time have been ringing in vain for him, this branch of the civil service being apparently too hard up to afford him the relief of a gin-horse. Three other cases equally discreditable have been mentioned to us; one runner goes between Inverness and Perth, while the other two serve their country by taking charge of its letters between Perth and Aberdeen.

In the Cesarewitch week the bookmakers of the turf pocketed a great deal of money, owing to the almost unbroken sequence of favourites defeated. The "gentlemen," or backers intended to make up their losses on the Cambridgeshire, which was run on Tuesday. But the run of luck has not changed. The outsiders were in the front, the favourites were not, the gentlemen lost heavily, the layers of odds won a good sum, and the glorious uncertainty of the turf received another illustration. Two horses, named Lozenge and Wolsey, the betting against each being 20 to 1, ran a dead heat for first place, the former winning on the run off. The favourite, Lameret, was a bad third. The Prince of Wales was on the heat.

On Thursday night, during the usual performance at the Pantheon Music-hall, North-street, Scarborough, an accident occurred which proved fatal to one of the performers. As part of the entertainment two young men, professionally known as "The Brothers Elvino and Bertrand," went through some daring gymnastic feats on the trap, and as the latter was suspended by his feet from the bar he lost his hold and fell to the ground, alighting on his head, and receiving such serious injuries as to necessitate his remaining at the music-hall, and there receiving such medical treatment as his case demanded. He never, however, recovered consciousness, and died early next morning from the injuries received. The unfortunate deceased, whose real name was Mark Dove, was a Scarborough youth, and about 18 years of age.

It is a matter of satisfaction to notice that within four successive weeks there have been demonstrations of attachment by Irish tenants to several landlords in each of the provinces. This gives good promise that our rural population are becoming contented and that they no longer regard those who are over them as antagonistic to their own interests. Last week the tenantry at Shillelagh, county Wicklow (the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam), presented Lord and Lady Milton with a congratulatory address, referring to their recent marriage, and wishing them the best success. In addition the chairman presented Lady Milton, on behalf of the tenants, with a jewel case containing a necklace, earrings, brooch, and bracelet, made of pure Wicklow gold, set in emeralds and diamonds, and manufactured in Dublin. Altogether the proceedings were of a very pleasing nature.

SCARCELY two months have elapsed in Ireland since the conviction of a notorious sheep-stealer, but still robberies of an extensive character continue to be made—chiefly in the midland counties. There have been two or three within the last week, and the matter has been at length taken cognisance of by the authorities. The chairman of quarter sessions at Thomastown, county Kilkenny, took occasion to allude to this wholesale plunder, and expressed his surprise that such large flocks could have been taken or driven long distances without the knowledge of a single individual. He had hitherto adverted to these organised robberies, but they seemed to be now carried out on a much larger scale than before. He gave it as his opinion that it appeared a perfect mystery how, taking into consideration the numerous police-stations in the district, such outrages could be committed with impunity.

On Friday afternoon a very revolting case came before the notice of the magistrates at Margate. Adelaide Lomax, of East Cliff Villa, was charged with gross cruelty to her child Agnes, aged seven. It would seem that the accused entertained the idea that the child had been substituted for her own, which had been put out to nurse. She complained that the child was dirty in her habits, and she practised a series of cruelties, such as throwing water over her, tying her hands behind her back for the whole night, beating her with her slipper, locking her up in a room at the top of the house, so that she had not been out for five months, pulling the child's tongue out and chopping her under the chin to make her bite it, and several other cruel acts. The magistrates, thinking it a serious case, decided on remanding the accused, but accepted bail, herself in two sureties of £200 each, and her husband's recognisances for £400. The case has caused considerable excitement in the neighbourhood.

MOLLY NEVILLE, an old woman who had led a very remarkable life, died in the Wexford county dispensary some days ago. During the last thirty years she maintained herself by her gun, shooting wild fowl on Raven Strand, near the entrance to Wexford Harbour, where she resided. She was also an excellent fisher, and every market day proceeded to sell the spoils she had gained. A short time ago she lost the use of her right arm, by the bursting of her fowling-piece, and though deprived of her chief means of subsistence, took up fishing with redoubled energy. In appearance she was masculine, and wore a peculiarly striking dress, having in general a man's hat and coat. Her comfortable little cabin was built by herself out of wrecked timber and seaweed, and the furniture it contained was the work of her own hands. She principally favoured men with her society, and often competed in shooting contests, the accuracy of her aim being a matter of some surprise. After her decease she was 70 years of age, and has been much regretted by persons visiting the neighbourhood.

CONSULTING HIS LORDSHIP'S CONVENIENCE. In Monday's newspapers the report of the trial of a man accused of stealing the Marquis of Hastings's property thus concludes:—"Mr. Sleight said it had been stated in the newspapers that the present trial had been postponed in order that the Marquis of Hastings might be present at Newmarket races. Such was not the fact; the trial had been postponed in order that the former conviction might be procured from Sunderland." By the side of this explanation we must, however, place the account which was previously given of the postponement:—

"THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS'S JEWELS. In the case of John Thomas Bell, who is charged with stealing five rings of the value of £800, the property of the Marquis of Hastings, on the application of counsel, the trial was postponed beyond the present sessions, it being stated that the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, from previous engagements, could not be in attendance during the present sessions. Mr. Inspector Silvertown, who has charge of the case, was in attendance with all the necessary witnesses for the purpose of proceeding with the prosecution, but it could not be taken for the reason stated."

Now it seems scarcely possible that the very busiest reporter could make a mistake in so simple a matter, or that the boldest reporter would dare to invent so outrageous a plea. In any case it is interesting to observe the providential manner in which the trial came off, at a time when it did not clash with the racing engagements of the noble prosecutor.

METROPOLITAN.

THE decision of the stakeholder for the championship is that each man must draw his stake. The money was handed over at the office of *Bell's Life* on Tuesday.

At a meeting of the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Wednesday, it was resolved to appoint a co-pastor to relieve Mr. Spurgeon of his heavier routine work. His brother, it is understood, is to be the man.

THE St. Olave's Board of Works have under consideration the plan of Mr. Barlow for making a way under the Thames, from Horsleydown to the opposite shore, for omnibuses and other traffic.

LET any one who wants to know how his ancestors cooked lobsters in A.D. 1381 read, "For to make a Lopister. He schal be rosted in his sculls in a ovyn, other by the Feer under a panne, and etyn wyth Veneger."

MADAME BOLENE, the dancer and columbine, on Wednesday afternoon was seized with a fit, and it is supposed, broke a blood-vessel. The unfortunate lady expired on Friday. Madame Bolene and her husband were engaged for the season for the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre.

TELEGRAPHIC communication is about to be provided between the chief police-office in Scotland-yard and the chief station of the Fire Brigade at Watling-street, in order to facilitate the transmission of information as to fires in the metropolis by the police. The cost will be £20 per annum, and it will be defrayed by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

A new steam road-roller was successfully tried in Hyde-park the other day. This machine effectually and rapidly reduced the heavily "metalled" macadamized surface of the road to a smooth, hard and durable state. It is almost needless to add that this excellent contrivance is not destined for use in London, but for the comparatively remote city of Bombay. On the other hand, there is surely something magnificently attractive in the idea of the wealth of that metropolis which rolls down and grinds the surfaces of its roads by means of the delicate wheels of costly carriages, and beats them smooth with the hoofs of high-bred horses. We used to pride ourselves that an English ambassador at Paris had the silver shoes cast from the hoofs of his state horse replaced as often as the loose nails permitted; such waste was, however, but occasional; our current folly has obtained favour during more than thirty years.

Two London Colleges are asking for money to enlarge their buildings.—University and the Working Men's. University College want £20,000, of which they have raised nearly £5,000; the Working Men's College want £2,200, of which they have raised nearly £1,200. The former with £10,000 can build half a new wing for their school, and give up their present schoolrooms to the college, which will be sufficient relief for the present; the latter have enough money to build six new class-rooms, but want more to add a museum and hall. Both colleges deserve well of the nation, and, for University College, we may say, of the world. It has been true to its motto *Uniti adiuvi*: Jew and Christian, Mohammedan and Parsee it has leavened with learning alike, protesting ever against sectarian bigotry. The Working Men's College, though headed by an Episcopalian clergyman, forces no creed on its students, and has done good work among the upper class of working men and the clerks of London. We hope soon to hear that both institutions have obtained the measure of help they want and deserve.

On Friday evening an address of thanks was presented to the Rev. B. M. Cowie, vicar of St. Lawrence, from a number of laity of the City, in acknowledgment of their appreciation of the late mission services, and praying for a continuance of such services. A. Littlemore, Esq., presented the address, which bore 350 signatures. At one large warehouse near the church fifty names were attached, at two others twenty each, and at one banking-house about forty, showing that among the working men of the City, there exists an appreciation of such opportunities of joining in Church services. The Rev. S. Smith, of St. George's, Camberwell, and others were present. The vicar acknowledged the address with much feeling. He rejoiced that it comprised the signatures of many parishioners, who felt aggrieved that the church was so frequently closed, or only opened for services so dull, cold, and heartless that it was not surprising that so few attended. He would gladly accept the proffered services of a choir, and hoped to establish at once choral services at St. Lawrence. It was then arranged that the choir should enter upon their duties on the eve of All Saints' Day, the 31st instant, when the service will commence at eight o'clock. On the festival of All Saints there will be celebration of Holy Communion, and address at seven a.m. Short service and sermon at 1.15 p.m., and evensong and sermon at eight p.m. At each service a sermon will be preached by one of the colonial bishops now in England.

The mob at St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, was much less numerous and much less demonstrative last Sunday. In the morning the services proceeded as usual, the sermon being preached by the Rev. J. N. Nicholson, M.A., late curate of St. Mary's, Kilburn, and the celebrant of the Holy Communion was the incumbent, the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt. There was some talking and shuffling at the bottom of the church, but nothing approaching a disturbance took place, and the usual crowd outside in Goldsmith-square, did not number 150 people, who, however, followed Mr. Brett, one of the churchwardens, to his house on Newington-green, when they vented their anger by hissing himself and his daughters. In the evening the service was sung by Mr. Tollenache, one of the curates, and by Mr. Nicholson, and the sermon was preached by Mr. Le Geyt. The church was crammed, and the congregation was very orderly. A number of gentlemen from other churches had volunteered to help in preserving order, and no doubt this, as well as the presence of some thirty policemen in the adjoining schools, contributed to the peace of the evening. The service was over before half-past eight and at that time there was several hundred rough men and boys, not in Goldsmith-square, which was kept clear by the police, but in the adjacent streets. Here they circulated slowly in obedience to the usual order of the constables until a quarter past nine, when Mr. Brett, accompanied by some forty gentlemen, returned home, his companions guarding the steps of his house and the mob following. As Mr. Brett entered his door his friends cheered him; and the mob considering this a defiance, more particularly as Mr. Brett acknowledged the adieu, made a rush across the road. But the police were as quick, and they drove the crowd back, their onslaught causing no little fun to the bystanders. Boys were thrown down and rolled in the mud, and when they picked themselves up they began to throw mud and stones at the police, who made another rush and captured two of the ringleaders, who were locked up. The police then cleared the thoroughfare, and in an hour all was quiet. So far as the inside of the church is concerned the precautions of the churchwardens appear to have effectually put an end to the disturbances.

PAULINE LUCCA AT FRANKFORT.—We hear that Mdle. Pauline Lucca has been singing at Frankfort. The proceeds of the concert in which she took part are to be devoted to the re-building of the Frankfort Cathedral; and, in consideration, no doubt, of this fact, Mdle. Lucca was received at the entrance to the concert-hall by the Archbishop of Mayence. The municipal council did the honours of the town, and the celebrated vocalist has had the rights—or perhaps burdens would now be the proper word—of Frankfort citizenship conferred upon her.

THE WRECK REGISTER AND CHART FOR 1866.

WE (National Lifeboat Institution) have for many years past been in the habit of making a few remarks on the Wreck Register, prepared by the Board of Trade, and presented to Parliament; and we have done so principally with the view of directing attention to the loss of life from shipwreck on our coasts, and to the means employed in rescuing shipwrecked sailors.

We find, on examining this carefully-compiled register, that the number of wrecks and casualties from all causes on the coasts of the United Kingdom, and in the surrounding seas reported in 1866, was 1,860. The number reported in 1864 was 1,390, and in 1865 it was 1,656. The annual average number of casualties during the five years ending 1866 was 1,611; and during the five years ending 1865, 1,538. The average number of shipwrecks on our coasts during the past ten years has been 1,466.

A recent statement by the Bishop of London shows that the population of the metropolis increases at the rate of 49,000 a year, and that 10,000 houses have annually to be built to accommodate this increase. A similar progression is observable in our commercial and shipping interest. Seventy millions sterling often pass in one week through the bankers' clearing-house in London. Of course this enormous transfer of money representing commercial transactions necessarily indicates the countless number of ships from all parts of the world that frequent our numerous ports, in addition to the thousands of British vessels engaged in our Foreign and Home trade. Thus it is that the aggregate number of vessels entering inwards and clearing outwards from all our ports in 1866 was 463,508, the number in 1865 being 402,255. It is not surprising, therefore, that considering the enormous number of voyages performed, the number of shipwrecks every year on our coast is necessarily proportionately large; though, of course, their number will depend very much on the violence of the gales of the year.

Thus, in October 1859, there was the "Royal Charter" gale, and a loss of 343 ships. In January, February, and November, 1861, there were north-east and south-easterly gales, which added 400 to the number of that year's casualties. In January, October, and December, 1862, there were westerly gales, with upwards of 400 casualties; and in January, March, September, October, November, and December, 1863, there were westerly gales, with 930 casualties. In November, 1864, there were 264 casualties, with the wind chiefly in the south-south-east and south-west; but, owing to the absence of any special gales of remarkable duration and violence in 1864, the total number of casualties in that year was 274 below the number in 1863. In 1865 the gales of January, February and March, and October, November, and December, gave 766 casualties.

The Society has now a noble fleet of 183 lifeboats on our shores, requiring a large permanent annual income to maintain them in a state of thorough efficiency. No one can doubt that the Institution is deserving not only of the continued co-operation of the Board of Trade, but of the sympathy and support of the British public at large.

On further analysing this Wreck Register we find that the lives lost in 1866 were in 199 ships; 117 of them were laden vessels, 40 were vessels in ballast, and in 12 cases it is not known whether the vessels were laden or light. 161 of these ships were entirely lost, and 38 sustained partial damage. Of the 896 lives lost, the very great number of 324 were in vessels that foundered, 127 lives were lost on board vessels in collision, 393 in vessels stranded or cast ashore, and 52 in vessels lost or damaged from other causes.

While the greatest number of casualties happened on the east coast of England, it is clearly shown that the greatest loss of life during the seven years ending 1866 occurred in the Irish Sea. The number of lives lost in that sea during the seven years is more than double the number lost on any other part of the coast. During the winter months hardly a week passes in which the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution stationed on the Irish coast are not called out to render assistance to ships in distress on the Black-water and other dangerous sandbanks on that coast.

PROVINCIAL.

THE telegram from Norwich we last week gave publicity to, relating to a Fenian attack on a volunteer armoury, was an unjustifiable and mischievous hoax.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Chelmsford on Friday under the presidency of Mr. J. Porry Watlington, for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a Chamber of Agriculture for Essex.

MR. GEORGE WILSON, who has so long officiated as deputy-chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, has been unanimously elected to the office of chairman, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Wickham, M.P.

THE Royal Bank of Liverpool suspended payment on Monday afternoon, consequent on the refusal of the London banks to discount paper representing shipping securities which were considered objectionable. The liabilities of the bank are roughly estimated at from one and a half to four millions.

MR. CHARLES CAMPBELL, of the firm of Colin Campbell and Sons, cotton brokers, Liverpool, has been committed for trial at the assizes on three charges of having obtained advances from the National Bank by false pretences. A fourth charge will probably be gone into at the assizes. The defendant was admitted to bail.

ON Saturday an attempt was made at Chester to fire the police-station with a combustible compound known as "Fenian fire." It appears that the fire was somewhat serious, and would no doubt have resulted in the full success of the intention, but that it was fortunately discovered early, and the fire-engine was able to put out the flames in a quarter of an hour.

AT Highbridge, in Somersetshire, a firm has undertaken to purchase sheep and oxen, and have them killed so as to sell meat at less than the butchers' prices. Prime mutton is sold to mechanics at 6d. per lb., and good beef at 5d. and 6d. per lb. A co-operative butchery is about to be established in the place to cheapen the price of bread. The fund for the purpose is to be raised in £1 shares.

THE possessors of land in the vicinity of the Varty Waterworks Reservoir are pressing their demands for compensation from the corporation of Dublin, for depreciation in the value of their property caused by the proximity of the basin to their estates, and viewing the possibility of the works bursting. One of these cases, grounded on the evidence of several engineers, has been just decided, in which Mr. Tighe, the proprietor of Rosana, has been awarded £12,061.

A most revolting case of cruelty to a girl was investigated at the Derby Police-court last week. Mr. John Shaw, stated to be an insurance agent, residing in St. James's-terrace, Litchurch, Derby, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for brutal treatment of his servant, Elizabeth Highton, a girl fourteen years of age. The defendant formerly lived at Lancaster, and had taken the prosecutrix from the workhouse of that town, and upon his removal to Derby had taken the unfortunate girl with him. On Monday he accused her of telling lies, in saying that she had been to St. Andrew's Church, of which he and his wife were regular attendants, when she had not. For this offence he took her to a back room and, in the presence of his wife, ordered her to strip to the waist, and lie on the floor. Having tied her hands and feet, and gagged her mouth, he bastinadoed her feet with a wooden ladle or spoon. He next flogged her shoulders with a horse-whip, causing severe wounds, and then ordered her to strip completely. While in this state he again flogged her, and afterwards rubbed her with turpentine, and washed her with salt and water. Some of the wounds were exhibited in court and excited great horror. The Bench characterised the case as one of the worst that ever came before them, and severely censured the conduct of Mrs. Shore, who was present during the whole chastisement.

ON Saturday an inquest was held at Moseley, near Wolverhampton, before Mr. W. H. Philips, deputy-coroner, on the bodies of three children. The deceased were named John Morris, aged 6; William Morris, aged 4; and Elizabeth Morris, aged 2, all the children of a waggoner named Benjamin Morris, in the employ of a farmer named James Wiggins, of Old Moseley Hall, the house in which Charles II. was secreted on the way from Boswell. The father earned 12s. a week and lived rent free, and the mother worked in the fields at 10d. a day when Mr. Wiggins wanted her help. On Friday the mother went to work at a quarter-past eight in the morning, leaving the deceased in the kitchen and a swing to amuse them, but with scarcely any fire in the grate. At half-past nine the house was suspected to be on fire by an old woman who lived in the adjoining cottage, and an alarm to that effect was raised. Mr. Wiggins and others tried to get upstairs, but could not. Afterwards he got in through the window, and found that some straw had been on fire near the top of the stairs. The heat and smoke were so suffocating that they prevented him from getting into the children's bed-room. He did not, however, know that the children were there; they were supposed to be in the lane. Presently the father was called from work, and he forced his way into the bed-room. All were lying on their bed on the floor, and quite dead. So overpowering were the heat and the smoke that it was with great difficulty he could snatch them to the air. Every possible effort was made to restore them, but all in vain. The floor of the house was much burnt where the straw had been placed, and lucifer matches were found strewn about the floor. Matches had been kept in the room; and there can be no doubt that the children used them to ignite the straw. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from accidental suffocation," and the coroner condemned the practice of mothers going to work, and leaving children so young unprotected.

A CURIOUS WILL CASE.

A WILL case of considerable interest has been occupying a court in Boston, New England, and exciting public attention. The amount involved exceeds 1,000,000 dollars. Miss Howland, a lady of great wealth, died in 1865; and Miss Robinson contests her aunt's will, which gave her only 70,000 dollars annuity. It seems that Miss Howland made a will, leaving her entire property to contest out; she subsequently, however, made a will unfavourable to her niece. However, there was found attached to the first of these two wills a paper sewed to the first page, stating that she (the testatrix) wished that to be considered her true will, whatever subsequent one she might in the feebleness of age be influenced to make. On this document the niece relies. The genuineness of its signature is denied, the allegation being that it was traced from the signature of the original will. There were altogether three signatures on the entire will, and on examination they were found to coincide with mathematical exactness, not only line for line, letter for letter, but each having exactly the same slant towards the base of the sheet. It was proved that a remarkable similarity existed between all Miss Howland's signatures. The most curious testimony in the case was that of the mathematical professor at Harvard, who applied to the matter the law of probabilities. Having ascertained the relative frequency of coincidence by comparing many of Miss Howland's signatures, he computed that in her case the phenomenon of three absolutely identical signatures "could occur only once in 2,666,000,000,000,000 times." In conclusion, Professor Peirce stated, "Under a solemn sense of the responsibility involved in the assertion, I declare that the coincidence which has here occurred must have had its origin in an intention to produce it."

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE famine in Orissa is virtually at an end. There are 1,500 orphans to be provided for.

INTELLIGENCE from Burmah announces that Colonel Tylche has proceeded on the 29th of October on a mission from the Viceroy to the King.

MUCH dissatisfaction was expressed in Calcutta at the announcement that the Bengal and Madras troops were not to take part in the Abyssinian expedition.

THE *Dritto* of Florence has the subjoined:—"Capra, Oct. 10. My very dear Friends,—I am really a prisoner; you may imagine what is my state of mind, knowing that Menotti and my friends are in the Roman States. Leave nothing undone to make them let me out of this gaol. Greeting to all from yours, GARIBALDI."

THE Emperor and the Empress of Austria were present at the unveiling of the monument to Prince Schwartzburg, and were enthusiastically received. The Emperor started the following day for Paris. All the restrictive laws of the South Tyrol have been abrogated by the Austrian Government, as all fears of want of loyalty of that portion of the Empire are now removed.

GARIBALDI, it appears, has escaped from his island home, and is again on the mainland, and, according to some reports, on Pontifical territory. That he will try to re-animate the defeated insurgents and renew the movement against Rome is more than probable. Such a proceeding will greatly embarrass the Cialdini Cabinet, especially as the popular feeling is strongly in favour of the Roman movement, and the nation is galloped by the high-handed interference of France.

ACCORDING to intelligence from Cabul the governor of Herat, son of Sher Ali, has paid a visit to the Shah of Persia. Presents were exchanged. The governor of Herat has also visited the commander of the Russian forces. It had been rumoured at Cabul that the forces of the Shah of Persia had occupied Herat. This rumour was, however, without foundation, and the Shah had disclaimed having done anything in contravention of his treaty relations with the British Government. Sher Ali, former Ameer of Cabul, is still in Turkistan, but is said to contemplate a move on Cabul.

OUR French neighbours, who run wilder than ever in search of "sensations," have of late been "mightily taken" by the feats of an indomitable wrestler in a mask, who has worsted every adversary brought against him. The device has been too successful not to be imitated. A second masked champion has appeared in another arena; and the proprietor of the first has called proprietor of No. 2 before the courts of law, as one who has pirated an idea. But he failed to win his cause. Meanwhile, the nudities now outbidding each other so flagrantly in the French theatres "live and let live" without thought of litigation.

WE have important news respecting the Roman question. The resignation of Signor Rattazzi has been accepted, and General Cialdini, who has been called upon by King Victor Emmanuel to form an Administration, intends, it is said, to adopt strong measures against the revolutionary party. It is also asserted that advices have been received from Florence by the Italian Minister at Paris, of such a character as renders it probable that the demands of France upon the Italian Government will be completely satisfied. These re-assuring statements are confirmed by an important telegram from Toulon, announcing that the departure of the French fleet for Civita Vecchia is suspended.

"JUDGE" UNDERWOOD, who presides over the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, has announced that Jefferson Davis will certainly be tried in November (the trial to begin on the fourth Monday of that month); that the learned counsel for the defence will admit the fact of levying war, and base their defence on the plea that Mr. Davis owed a superior allegiance to his State, and was not therefore guilty of treason in attacking the United States. Underwood boasts that Mr. Davis will be convicted. He says further that he will "fine" Mr. Davis, not desiring to "hang" him. A righteous "judge" is Underwood, and sturdy defender of the judicial dignity. Chief Justice Chase will not preside, the necessities of his Presidential ambition make it imperative upon him to shirk anything that may possibly make him unpopular. Thus, if he were compelled to decide for Mr. Davis upon the evidence and pleadings, and under the law, he would by that act render a nomination by the Republican National Convention, not to speak of an election, absolutely impossible.

THE expedition to the North Pole, proposed by M. Gustave Lambert to the Geographical Society of Paris, is still kept before the public with a view to attract contributions for payment of the expenses. The sum required is 600,000 francs, towards which the Emperor has given 50,000. If, by the 1st of July, 1868, a sufficient amount has not been collected, the several sums will be returned to the subscribers. M. Lambert intends to avoid the routes taken by former explorers, and to push his way to the north through Behring's Strait, whence he hopes to enter the Polynia—the open Polar Sea—on which Von Wrangell looked with longing eyes in 1823; and across this sea he will sail to the Pole—if he can! We hope M. Lambert will get the 600,000 francs, a stout ship, and a crew as willing to do battle with ice and tempest as were the mariners who followed Hendrik Hudson to the frozen sea which perpetuates his name. If France can win laurels by a Polar exploration, she will receive the congratulations of geographers in all parts of the world.

THE Civil Tribunal of Paris has just been called on to decide questions concerning the domicile of foreigners settled in France, but who have never obtained legal authorisation to fix their residence in this country. The point raised was as to what portion of the succession of M. Ott, partner in a Paris bank, and who had married a Frenchwoman in 1844, was subject to the payment of legacy duty. With respect to real and personal property situate in France, there was no doubt as to its liability; previous judgments have also decided that foreign funds, shares, and bonds are also liable, but only when they form part of a succession regulated by the French law. M. Ott had never obtained legal domicile in France, and as Article 110 of the Code Napoleon declares that it is the domicile which determines the place in which the succession is open, the present judgment decided that M. Ott was not subject to the French law, and that there was no necessity for the foreign securities forming part of it to be included in the inventory of property of which the legacy duty is paid. A similar judgment has also been given with respect to the succession of M. Da-Zamo Machado, a Portuguese subject, who died in Paris after a residence of fifty-five years.

PROMOTION IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

OUR contemporary, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, cites, as a frightful example of the evils of promotion by merit and selection, a regiment of French infantry which appeared the other day at the funeral of a French Minister. Its colonel was a man between fifty-five and fifty-eight years of age, its major was as old, and its senior captain was a fat man nearly sixty, his lieutenants being respectively over forty and forty-five. There was not a captain in the regiment under forty, and many of the lieutenants were "well stricken in years." The sub-lieutenants were steady fellows between thirty-five and twenty-eight years of age, and not more than three or four of them could possibly have been under twenty-five. As a French Army List is periodically published, it is a pity our contemporary did not give the number and name of this veteran corps for the benefit of the incredulous. After all, a commanding officer of fifty-eight years of age and a corpulent major of fifty-five have been seen in the British service, in spite of the alleged acceleration of promotion by the purchase system.

GOLD MINES IN CANADA.

IN the opening remarks of a very able article on "Gold and Silver Mines of North America," which appeared in our issue, it was observed that the Anglo-Saxon race here and at the other side of the Atlantic are singularly characterised by a strange mixture of credulity and incredulity, holding obstinately by old opinions, and yet credulous enough in some aspects. This was illustrated by the long years during which the discovery of gold in California and Australia was laughed at as American rant, or the visionary theory of some impracticable man of science. Another exemplification of this characteristic has been presented in Canada. For a number of years it has been declared by geologists and mineralogists that Canada would be found a gold yielding country; and the districts containing the treasure were designated in scientific periodicals, and in the newspaper press, but the opinion was all but unanimously scouted. At last an incident has occurred, very improper in itself, but very satisfactory in its results, which sets the question at rest. Gold will be yielded in Canada to a great extent, and the population of that province, which so slowly increased in comparison with that of the United States, will rapidly receive a vast augmentation, which ensures a future for Canada more magnificent than her most sanguine friends ever dared to predict. The circumstances referred to is related in a Canadian paper, and runs thus:—

"In Canada itself it was thought that the statements were not only exaggerated, but a complete hoax was being performed, and that the Richardson mine especially had been 'cracked up' by impudent speculators. To put an end to the doubts resting on the matter, a number of gentlemen, miners, lawyers, doctors and others, who have heard reports of the fabulous richness of the Richardson mine were determined to satisfy themselves of the truth or falsity of these reports. Accordingly a meeting was held, a chairman and secretary appointed, and it was there and then resolved that an entrance should be made to the mine by fair means or foul, just as the owners elected. The following morning a Mr. Johnson and a gentleman known as 'Cariboo' Cameron, followed by a crowd variously estimated at from 150 to 200 persons, went to the mine and asked admittance. Mr. Johnson, who was the spokesman, addressed Mr. Hardin, one of the owners, in language something like the following:—'We have come, Mr. Hardin, myself and friends (pointing to the crowd), to see whether this mine is genuine. We are all more or less interested in the gold region; some of us have invested large sums of money, and we wish to be satisfied before we go on prospecting, whether the Richardson mine is a humbug or not. We desire to do it peacefully, and if we cannot accomplish it peacefully we will by force.' While these significant words were being uttered, a large hawser, which was carried on the shoulders of a score or more lusty-looking men, and which was designed for the forcible part of the programme, was displayed amid the cheering of the crowd, and to the no small discomfort of Hardin and his attendants. Mr. Johnson further said that they desired to have a committee of three or four appointed to go down into the mine, and make a thorough examination, pledging themselves not to remove anything therefrom. After some consultation it was agreed that Mr. MacGregor, a partner of Cariboo Cameron, and Mr. MacQuarrie, both practical miners, should make the examination, while Mr. Johnson and Cariboo Cameron stood sentry at the door. The gentlemen named went to the mine and made a thorough examination, remaining there about three-quarters of an hour. We may state here, that on the first appearance of the crowd, a messenger was despatched in hot haste for the mounted police, who promptly responded to the call, but whose services, however, were happily not needed. When the parties had come up from the gold cellar, Mr. MacQuarrie got on a stump and related to the crowd the results of their explorations. He said they had thoroughly investigated the rock, quartz, and dirt, and had satisfied themselves of the unparalleled richness of the mine. 'In all my long experience in gold mining,' said Mr. MacQuarrie, 'in all that I have ever read or heard of in connection with gold-producing countries, nothing can equal the richness of this mine. The black quartz will yield not less than 60,000 dollars to the ton, and the dirt is unexampled in richness. From a quart of dirt we washed 13 dollars of gold.' When he had finished cheers were given for Cameron, MacQuarrie, and Co., and for Hardin and Co., and the crowd peacefully dispersed. We presume the question of the richness of the 'Richardson Mine' is now settled."—*Spargo's Guide to Investments*.

THE JAMAICA NEGRO.

IN spite of the fearful theories propounded as to the nature of the Jamaica negro and as to the dangers incurred by the white population—especially the ladies—whose lot is cast amongst these bloodthirsty savages, we read amongst the last departures by the Royal Steam Navigation Company's screw steamship Douro, the names of Lady Herbert of Lea and the young Earl of Pembroke, who have arranged to pass the approaching winter in the delightful climate of the Liguarea mountains. It would appear from this that those who are in a position to obtain the best information attach small credit to the exaggerations of the panic mongers, whose fears stained the British flag so indelibly and unnecessarily with blood on the occasion of the Morant Bay outbreak. Sir Henry Storks was one of Lord Herbert's most trusted lieutenants when that lamented statesman presided over the War Office, and it is improbable that Lady Herbert would have selected Jamaica as the winter quarters of her invalid son had she not previously ascertained from Sir Henry that the dark picture of the negro held up so persistently to public execration by Mr. Hamilton Hume and others is wholly and entirely a fancy sketch, executed and circulated with the view of justifying the cruelties perpetrated during the panic of 1865.

CHASTISING THE NATIVES.—A Penang paper publishes a narrative by an eye-witness of the proceedings of the expedition which we mentioned a few weeks since had been despatched from that port to chastise the piratical natives of the Nicobar Islands. The expedition, which consisted of the crews of Her Majesty's ships Satellite and Wasp, with a detachment of the 35th Madras N.I., under Captains Bedingfield and Edye, landed on the Great Nicobar on July 22. The inhabitants of the first village they came to fled into the jungle, where they were secure; so after burning the village to the ground the expedition steamed north to Nanowery, where, at another large village, they succeeded in capturing six men and rescuing an Eurasian girl, seven years old, who, with her mother, had been taken out of a French ship. The natives admitted that the girl's mother and other captives had been murdered. Three other islands were afterwards visited, and the expedition returned to Penang on the 9th of August, after having burned 211 houses and 261 piratical war canoes. Several English books and arms, and some clothing, were found. The villages are said to have been rich with the spoil of European vessels.

FISH CULTURE.—The difficult feat of transporting into Cornwall live grayling, born and bred in the river Lugg, in Herefordshire, a distance of 320 miles, was last week successfully achieved by Mr. Williams, the fishing tackle maker of Hereford. Ninety-five fish caught near Leominster were carried in tubs four miles to the Leominster station, and were thence conveyed by rail to Hereford, a distance of ninety miles by railway. At Hereford they were shifted on to the broad gauge into a horsebox containing a tank filled with water from their own river, a supply of which had been sent on for them, and after a journey of twenty hours eight-three of the grayling were handed over in good plight to Mr. Bassett, of Tehidy Park, near Redruth, by whom they were launched into Cornish waters.

THE PICTURE OF THOMAS WRIGHT.

ON Saturday, there was a public exhibition at the Museum, Peel Park, of the picture, painted by Mr. Charles Mercier, and which is entitled "The Condemned Cell." We have already noticed the picture, in which it will be recollected, the conspicuous feature is the portrait of Mr. Thomas Wright, the prison philanthropist. At three o'clock there was a public meeting in the lower-room of the south gallery. The room was filled by a highly-respectable and intelligent audience. Among those present were—the Revs. St. Vincent Beechey, C. Marshall, T. G. Lee, T. E. Fergie, Wigan; Dr. A. Somers, Dr. Pettinger; Messrs. G. Peel, J. A. Bremner, W. Touchstone, C. Swallow, J. Plant, and G. F. Furniss.—Mr. Bremner was voted to the chair, and called upon the hon. secretary (Mr. Touchstone), who in making his report alluded to the fact that a requisition to the Mayor of Salford had been signed by 397 of the inhabitants of the district to allow the picture to be exhibited, and that the museum and library committee had kindly permitted it to be placed in that room. The object of the committee was to secure the picture for presentation to Peel Park, a replica for Manchester, and another for one of the national galleries in London. Up to the present time the labours of the committee had been most successful. Many clergymen and others had written to say that they should be happy to serve on the committee, and a telegram had been received from Lord Shaftesbury, saying that he would gladly accept the position of president, and that he regretted his inability to attend the meeting.—The Rev. T. G. Lee spoke strongly in favour of securing the picture for the public.—The Rev. St. Vincent Beechey moved: "That this meeting having heard the report made by the hon. secretary and the address of the Rev. T. G. Lee, desires to express its cordial concurrence with the same, and pledges itself to support the committee in its action for securing the picture for the public."—The Rev. C. Marshall seconded the resolution, which was passed unanimously.—Another resolution,

PARIS CABS AND CABMEN.

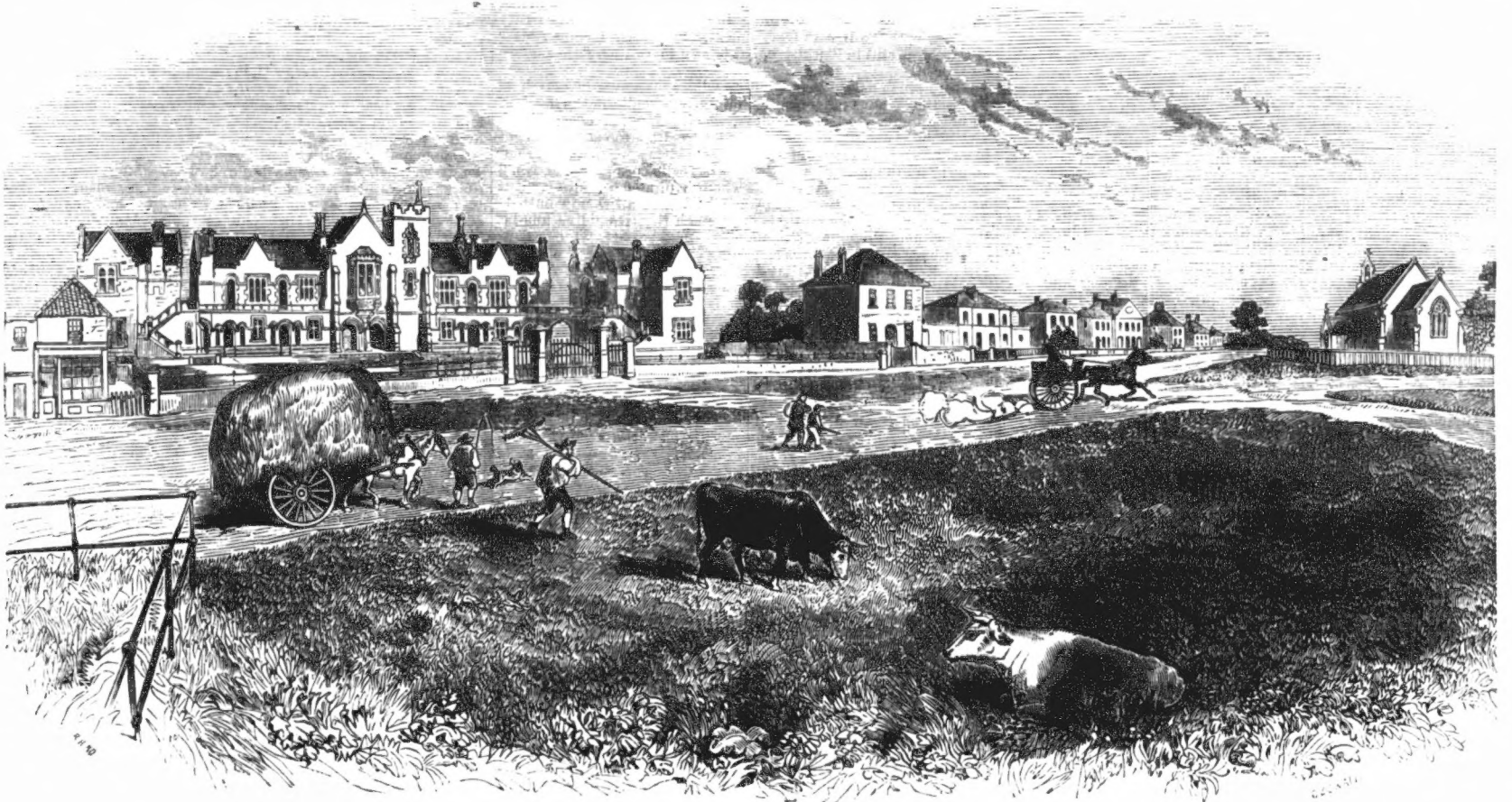
AN article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a short time ago contained some curious statistics about the cabs and cabmen of Paris. Externally the "cocher" of Paris is a trifle more civilized than his London rival. He is not so much given to mildewed and voluminous capes; his glazed hat and red waistcoat stand in almost the same relationship to a uniform as his horse does to the winner of the Prix de Paris. But by nature he is of the same Ishmaelish tribe as his fraternity all over the world. His salary, if he be a servant of the great cab company, is four francs a day, but he thinks himself justified in appropriating an average of three francs extra from his gross receipts. On the article of lost property his notions of ownership are sometimes hazy; and the elaborate paper of tariffs which he hands to a foreigner or a provincial will not always guarantee the latter, if he be a bad accountant, from overcharge. Three thousand eight hundred sergens de ville, a special brigade of sixty police, and a hundred and fifty-eight inspectors of cab-ranks look after his morals and behaviour. The cab monopoly having been abolished in 1866, any person is at liberty to start a cab, paying a franc a day for the right of station on any of the 158 cab ranks. Of independent owners there are 1,800, and of these about 800 own only one horse and cab. The Compagnie Generale owns 4,500 vehicles, and employs 6,815 persons, 3,925 being drivers. Under the management of this great company the natural waywardness of the coachman is subject to many wholesome restraints. Every morning a cab and horse, cleaned and groomed by other hands than his own, are entrusted to him at one of the nineteen depots of the company. If he is of the class who ply at public stations, he must note on his "feuille" the time and place where he takes up a fare and the destination. This "feuille" he delivers up at the depot in the evening. As a gentle moral control the company employ secret agents to hire cabs occasionally by the journey or hour, and woo be to the driver if he has omitted to note the journey: fines varying from £1 to £4, and

THE PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN.

WE recently gave a view of one of those benevolent almshouses to be found in the neighbourhood of Hornsey, Wood Green, and other pleasant places a few miles north of London. We now give a view of the Printers' Almshouses, at Wood Green, established for the decayed members of that profession. This institution was opened about ten years since by Earl Stanhope. It is represented as being very flourishing, as far as support, for its size; but it is open to considerable extension as soon as the funds will permit.

THE WINE TRADE.

THE Messrs. Gilbey, the well-known wine merchants of Oxford-street, inform us that the progress and position of the wine trade during the past year are generally admitted to be satisfactory, notwithstanding the pressure and ill effects produced by the commercial troubles and failures through which the country has lately passed. The wonderful elasticity of commerce generally, as exhibited by the periodical returns of the Board of Trade, has greatly assisted in enabling the country to pass through a severe time of panic and distress. Speculation, which has of late been so rife in England, has for a time, at any rate, received a check; and it may be hoped that the recent exposures which have done so much to shock, may do still more to strengthen and invigorate the commercial integrity of the country. And with regard to the Board of Trade returns, the papers published by Government, which were issued in April last, for the year 1866, exhibit a continued increase in the consumption of both wines and spirits, and this has occurred annually ever since the reduction of duties in 1861. The imports of all wine last year were 15,321,029 gallons, or 1,051,277 gallons in excess of the year before, while the quantity of wines exported shows no great variation, although it has gradually decreased. This is easily accounted for by the fact that our colonies and



THE PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN.

thanking the Mayor and the museum committee for permitting the picture to be placed in the museum, was proposed by the Rev. T. F. Fergie and seconded by Mr. Swallow, and adopted.—Mr. Plant, the curator, said that the museum committee was glad on all occasions to give an opportunity of showing anything that would tend to the elevation of the masses of the people, for whom the institution was especially established.—A vote of thanks to the chairman having been proposed by Dr. A. Somers, and seconded by Dr. Pettinger, and adopted, an enthusiastic call was made for the artist, who presented himself and made his acknowledgments to the company. The picture will remain in the gallery for some weeks.—*Manchester Courier.*

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balm of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Chapside.—[ADVT.]

BAD BLOOD—BAD BLOOD.—When the health begins to fail and symptoms of bodily decline are apparent, "THE BLOOD PURIFIER"—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA—alone can arrest the downward progress. It gives tone to the feeble pulse, flesh to the emaciated body, and strength and fresh blood to the declining system. Testimonials on each bottle from General Wm. Gilbert, of the Indian Army; the Hon. the Dean of Lismore; ordered also by the Apothecaries' Hall, London. Sold by all Druggists. **CAUTION.**—Get the red and blue wrappers, with the old Doctor's head in Centre. None others are genuine.—[ADVT.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

possibly dismissal, hang over him. As the company believe that their drivers rob them of no less than £150,000 a year, it cannot be wondered that the company expend £9,000 a year in inspection and secret service money. Men drift into the ranks with all kind of antecedents, but before they are admitted, the police make what is supposed to be a searching enquiry. "Bacheliers es lettres" abound on the box, but the scandalous story about the priests is, we are told, a false one. Savoyards make the best cabmen, and those who are rather given to drink are generally fondest of their horses. At every station there is kept a register of complaints, which is forwarded to the police on Mondays, followed by swift punishment on Tuesdays. Formerly, if a man were convicted of overcharge, and the residence of the wronged traveler were known, the cabman was bound by law to carry to the house of the victim the sum overcharged and an apology. On one occasion a cabman obeyed the law with the uncalculated addition of blowing out the brains of the complainant. Since then a punishment less humiliating to the pride of the jarvey has been chosen. Lastly, before the company engage a driver they submit him to a searching examination as to the geography of Paris, and only after six months' noviciate is he considered to be a capable cabman.

A POLISHED FENIAN.

THE editor of the *Greenock Daily Telegraph* publishes a threatening letter with which he was favoured last week by a local Fenian:—

Sir
On behalf of the Sacred Order of Fenianism and Particularly the Respected Brethren in Greenock I hereby warn you to speak more Respectfully of the doings of the Order, otherwise the Fools that you take such a delight to sneer and taunt will Before Long Revenge themselves on you and yours For By the Sacred Blood of our dear Banished martyrs Before the Sun of Heaven will shine upon another Christmas Feast. The Flame of Insurrection will Blaze o'er the Land of O Connell and we then to Scriblers of the damnt Press Proud of the Distinction
I AM A FENIAN.

Hurrah for thy Bright Republic
Dear Erin of Green Waves
We'll Fight neath Patrick's Banner
To Crush The Saxon Knaves
For By the Star's of Heaven
and every Priest that Kneel
This winter must Victorias Serfa
Taste much of Fenian Steel.

foreign buyers generally have now almost as easy access to the wine producing countries as we have, whereas in former times large quantities were shipped to England for export. Our home consumption is encouraging in foreign spirits, 1866 showing an increase in the United Kingdom over the previous year amounting to 92,200 gallons.

The quantity of foreign wine consumed in the United Kingdom last year, as computed from the quantity paid duty on, was 13,327,916 gallons, or 1,266,653 gallons more than the year previous, and the first six months of the present year show an increased consumption of 182,735 gallons over the corresponding period of 1866.

The Messrs. Gilbey add, "In addition to the quantity of wines paid duty on by us in the year 1866, amounting to 437,687 gallons, we also paid duty on spirits during the same year amounting to 262,860 gallons, total 700,547 gallons, giving an average daily sale for the year 1866, of rather more than 13,000 bottles, which has increased during the present year to upwards of 15,000 bottles daily."

This extraordinary fact needs no comment.

PUMPERNICKEL.—Probably few readers of "Vanity Fair" know that Pumpernickel, the name of the little duchy at whose Court Jos. Sedley cut so distinguished a figure, is, in peasants' argot, the name of the coarsest kind of black bread. And this is how it came to be so called. The last time French troops were in Germany a regiment of dragoons was halted at a village for refreshment. The wretched peasants brought out the best they had, water and *schwarzbrod*. It was the first time the Frenchmen had ever seen this delicacy. One of them tasted a bit, made a wry face, and said, "Merci bien! ça sera bon pour Nicole!" his horse, to whom he gave the rest of the slice. "Bon pour Nicole" remained in the memory of the peasants, but was by them corrupted into Pumpernickel, the name which the *schwarzbrod* still retains.

The Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

KING THEODORE.

WE understand that Lord Stanley has addressed an ultimatum to King Theodore, intimating that all friendly relations with him are broken off. From this it may be inferred that no further attempt will be made to procure the release of the captives by diplomatic measures. The letter would probably be forwarded to its destination by Colonel Merewether, who left Aden on the 28th ultimo, in charge of the pioneer and reconnoitring party, consisting of thirty horse, 200 of the marine battalion, and a company of sappers. The first object will be to fix the point of debarkation, which it is now tolerably certain will be in Annesley Bay, and while the sappers are preparing it for the landing of the force, Colonel Merewether will be engaged in selecting a healthy spot for a depot, as near the sea as possible, and in reconnoitring the future line of march as far as practicable. This, it is hoped, may be effected as far as Antalo, or by the east of it. A native regiment and the 3rd Light Cavalry were to leave Bombay on the 3rd inst., a strong brigade on the 1st of November, and the remainder as soon as they could be sent up. Some apprehensions are entertained that the movements of the troops will be hampered for want of carriage. It is not unlikely, however, that a moiety of the 12,000 men may be left as a reserve at the first healthy position on the highlands, and that the fighting column will be restricted to 6,000 men. It appears that the captives had heard from the Wagahum Gouzie, who entertained some idea of getting possession of Magdala and of the captives, including the Abuna. Should he succeed, his object was to induce the Abuna to anoint him Emperor, vice Theodore excommunicated. The captives at Magdala would probably be safe in

TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.

PROBABLY few people are prepared for the statements made in the last number of the *British Medical Journal* respecting the treatment of certain lunatics at Colney Hatch Asylum, accidentally brought to light some time since, and now actually defended by the physician, Dr. Sheppard, who was censured by the Commissioners in Lunacy for the treatment in question. After all that has been done in the way of abolishing the horrors of the old system, it is startling to find that the destructive patients at this well-known asylum were shut up in dark cells stark naked, and without bed or bedding. We now learn that "though Dr. Sheppard made no entries of these unusual measures in the case book or the medical journal (of the asylum), and though they had only been revealed accidentally, the moment they were discovered and reprobated he showed himself hotly enamoured of them and proceeded to state reasons in their justification." The decision of the Lunacy Commissioners acquits him, indeed, of any intentional misdoings; but forbids all such proceedings for the future. But now Dr. Sheppard writes to the *Journal of Mental Science* positively holding himself up as a courageous man, who refuses to be dictated to by his brother doctors. It is curious, however, to note that he, nevertheless, proposes so far to modify his treatment of his unfortunate patients as to place them in cells, naked and without bed or bedding, but to soften the walls of their cells by lining them with kaupulicon, linoleum, or india-rubber; the temperature, moreover, to be for the future raised to a proper degree of warmth. Happy the lunatics to whom even thus much should be conceded!

A CURIOUS FACT.

FROM the just published Prussian "Rang un Quartier Liste" for this year, it appears that the three Austrian Archdukes who before 1866 had held honorary posts as chiefs of Prussian regiments and who resigned them at the outbreak of the war, have resumed them again. But what does seem rather curious is the fact of the three ex-Monarchs of Hanover, Hesse, and Nassau being enumerated as honorary chiefs of their (Prussian) regiments as if nothing had happened. It thus appears that they never ceased to receive the official military reports of the deeds of their gallant troops, even while directed against themselves. It seems time, however, that the North German Parliament should look into a certain old sore—viz., the scarce appointments of aught but nobles in the highest military ranks. Among the forty generals of the Prussian infantry and cavalry there is not one "civilian," there are two among seventy-two lieutenant-generals, twelve among the ninety-one major-generals, forty among 230 colonels, and so forth to the end of the chapter. The Prussian civilians in the army are surely worth as much as their high-born brethren in arms. There has never been a question that the better class of the former, as a rule, are much more highly educated than the latter. Prussian nobility as such is not anything very exalted, either in rank or in wealth; and it is not merely the younger but all the sons of these proud barons that generally have to take to the army as a profession in order to gain some kind of honourable livelihood.



THE WOMEN'S WARD, OLD FIELD-LANE REFUGE. (JUST PULLED DOWN.)

his hands, and he might be prevailed upon to make them over to us for a consideration. The unfortunate Germans at Debra Tabor are in much greater jeopardy, and it is feared that on hearing of our hostile preparations the infuriate King may wreak his vengeance upon them and the poor ladies.

"TUPPENCE ON IT."

A CORRESPONDENT, a workman employed in a factory in Southwark, sends us the following apropos to the two executions for murder. He says—"There are a large number of men employed in our shop, amongst the majority of whom the pending execution of Wiggins and Bordier, for some days previous, had created a good deal of discussion. Opinion was pretty much divided as to whether the wretched men would suffer capital punishment or not, and in one or two instances opinion was backed by money, taking the shape of bets on the event. Of course the excitement grew stronger as the day approached, and at the first quarter on the morning of the execution—from six o'clock to breakfast time—the subject absorbed all others. One of our boys, about thirteen years old, was especially anxious, and declared that he would 'get the bullet' rather than not see the men 'topped' at Horsemerger-lane and Newgate too. He had 'tuppence on it,' and he was going to see it off. And so he did. By-and-bye this promising youth was capering about the shop in immense delight. The men were 'topped,' he had won his 'tuppence,' and with the stakes he had just received he announced his intention of going to see 'Alone in the Pirat Lair' at the Victoria Theatre."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AN OFFICER BUT NOT A GENTLEMAN.

A RECENT court-martial convened at Simla to try Mr. Lindsay, a staff surgeon attached to a detachment of the 1st Battalion of the 7th Foot (Royal Fusiliers), stationed in that pleasant locality, for conduct of a very outrageous nature, has confirmed by its finding the prevailing impression that tribunals of that kind are not particularly well calculated for the administration of justice. The charges set forth that Mr. Lindsay got very drunk at mess; that he violently assaulted a brother officer, Ensign Holmes, throwing him down and squeezing him by the throat until he became insensible, when he kicked him violently, and that finally, when Capt. F. J. S. Whiteside, the senior officer present, interfered, and called upon Mr. Lindsay to assist in recovering Ensign Holmes from the state of insensibility to which his violence had reduced him—that gentleman replied, "I don't see what the hell it is to you, and I think it—cool cheek on your part telling me what I ought to do," or words to that effect. The court found the prisoner guilty of all this, and sentenced him to be severely reprimanded, and to be placed at the bottom of the list of staff surgeons—which, practically, was no punishment at all. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in vain pointed this out to the members of the court, and sent back the sentence for revision. They returned it to him unaltered, and Mr. Lindsay was in consequence sent back to his duty, which, it will be hoped, he will perform in future with more sobriety and less violence. The explanation of this extraordinary transaction probably is, that Mr. Lindsay is a popular member of the mess of the 7th, and that Mr. Holmes is the reverse, and that the members of the court-martial were unwilling to ruin a "good fellow" merely because he got drunk and "broke out."

THE WOMEN'S WARD IN THE LATE FIELD LANE REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE.

AMONG the many buildings recently destroyed in carrying out the Holborn Viaduct improvements, is the Field-lane Refuge for the Destitute. An engraving of the Women's ward of the old place is given on the present page. The removal of this useful institution is not to be regretted, as a more improved refuge as far as cleanliness and ventilation are concerned has been erected further up the Farringdon-road, towards Coldbath-fields. We need scarcely add this institution is highly deserving the patronage of the charitable.

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (and style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer, 308, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar, 95, S.E.—[ADVT.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & Co's, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), no shape, worth, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & Co. Manufacturers 73 Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Covent Garden Concerts — (At Eight).
Under the direction of Mr. John Russell.
DRURY LANE.—*Macbeth*—The Miller and His Men. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—The Winning Card—An Unequal Match—
A Kiss in the Dark. Seven.
ADELPHI.—*Man is not Perfect*, nor Woman Either—One Touch
of Nature—The School for Tigers. Seven.
LYCEUM.—The Mistress of the Mill—(At Eight). The Lady of
Lyons. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillicoddy — (At a Quarter to Eight).
Arrah-na-Pogue—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—The Two Puddifoots—The Liar—Patter n. Clatter—
Cool as a Cucumber. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Only a Clod—(At a Quarter to Eight). A Widow
Hunt—Fifteen Year's Labour Lost. Seven.
STRAND.—Our Domestic—William Tell with a Vengeance—
Daf as a Post. Seven.
HOLBORN.—Dandelion's Dodges—(At a Quarter to Eight).
For Love—A.S.S. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Caste—Sarah's Young Man. Half-past
Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Meg's Diversion—(At Half-past Nine) The
Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Mrs. White. Half-
past Seven.
SADLER'S WELLS.—The Love Chase—Azel—William Tell; or,
The Apple, The Arrow, and The Agony.
NEW SURREY.—Nobody's Child—(At a Quarter to Eight). A
Cure for the Fidgets. Seven.
VICTORIA.—Alone in the Pirate's Lair—The Old Toll House.
NEW EAST LONDON.—The Bride of the Wave—The Chevalier
St. George.
BRITANNIA.—Break but Not Bend—Belinda Seagrave.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—New Comic Ballet and
Scenes in the Arena—The Brothers Daniels—The Eccentric
Clowns—The Kings of the Carpet—Fillis's Trick Horse,
Zalato—Airc's Thrilling Aerial Act. Eight.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Jus-
tice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House,
Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses
of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds.
Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery;
National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South
Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; So-
ciety of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every
year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster,
Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gal-
lery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British In-
stitution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies;
Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tus-
saud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers'
Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New
Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins);
Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College
of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum
(old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington
House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum,
South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street;
Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum,
Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street,
Strand.)

J. W.—R. S. V. P. means Vice-President of the Royal Society.
O. B.—Spirits of wine is brandy; rectified (or distilled) over
again.
J. PERRY.—Write to the office and state the numbers you want.
MELANCTHON.—Not at present.
O. A. B.—The Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.
FRANK.—We know of no such guide.
PETER T.—Published by Longmans. We do not know the price.
MAKUS.—Poussin was a Frenchman, and famous painter, born
at Andely, 1594. He excelled in landscapes and historical
pieces; the Deluge, placed by the French King in the Luxem-
bourg Gallery, is one of his best paintings; Louis XIII. settled
a pension upon Poussin, but the malice of his enemies obliged
him to quit France for Rome; previous to his departure, he
allegorically appealed to posterity, by painting, in the King's
cabinet, a ceiling, which represented Time delivering Truth
from the oppression of Envy.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

"THE CONSERVATIVE SURRENDER."

THE Tories have carried a Reform Bill so extensive
and so daring, that even the Liberal leaders would,
twelve months ago, have hesitated before they brought
such a measure into the House of Commons. The
country rejoices at the fact, because, after all, it matters
very little whether Reform comes from Whigs or Tories,
so long as the people get it. Nevertheless, Lord Derby
cannot be allowed to escape the lash of contemporary
criticism, which always anticipates the verdict of the
impartial historian. We say unhesitatingly that Lord
Derby and Mr. Disraeli in undertaking and carrying a
Reform Bill which gives a wide extension of the electoral
franchise, are not guilty of mistaken policy, but of a
deliberate betrayal of principle. They have been false
to the traditions of their party, the reactionary policy
of centuries has been subverted; but at the same time
they gain a fresh lease of political life. Had not the
Tories sacrificed everything, even honour, in the struggle
for office, they must speedily have become extinct as a
party. Nothing could have saved them. The result
was inevitable—Disraeli, a cosmopolite and far-seeing
statesman, a man sprung from the people, saw at a glance
that he was master of the situation. Mr. Gladstone's
temper could not be trusted, he was far too unpopular
a man in the House to be able to carry a Reform Bill;
but Disraeli, the polished, the flexible, the subtle, by
bowing here and bending there, could very easily step
in and snatch the bone of contention away from the
Liberal leaders. He made the attempt, and we all
know with what result. The most serious attack upon

the Government has been made by Lord Cranborne, a
most promising statesman, whose career has been cut
short by his over-gentlemanly scruples. He would not
betray his pledges and falsify the promises of a life;
therefore, when Lord Derby determined to out Gladstone
Gladstone, he resigned his seat in the Cabinet. It is
impossible not to honour Cranborne, while we despise
Disraeli. The first and principal charge against the
Ministers is that their chief object was to retain office,
and that to secure this end they deliberately adopted the
policy they had denounced, and outbid Mr. Gladstone
in offers which they had resisted as extravagant and
unsafe. The Tories may reply: "Perhaps Lord Derby's
own notorious indifference to office, and the natural in-
disposition to the cares of official life which accompanies
ill-health, might be deemed a sufficient reply to the first
part of the accusation. What can office do to him that
would be worth a sacrifice of its legitimate ends? The
unhesitating obedience of a party composed of the best
men in England, of the very flower of English gentle-
men—a majority in the Lords, a powerful and compact
minority in the Commons—is not a thing which an
ambitious man would risk for the sake of a precarious
tenure of official position and patronage." This is very
well, so far as it goes, but if Lord Derby was himself
indifferent to the charm of office, his followers were
hungering, and had been during many weary years of
cold opposition, for the crumbs which fall from the
Treasury bench. You cannot lead a party unless you
reward them occasionally. The possibility of maintain-
ing, in any free country, a Government from which the
uneducated majority should be entirely and on principle
excluded—an aristocratic Constitution—ceased, in our
view, when England and France decided that the will
of the majority in the United States should override the
written Constitution and the force of treaties, and con-
stitute the Union a single state and the Confederates
rebels; when, in deference to that will, they withdrew
the recognition formally accorded after the War of In-
dependence to the republics of Virginia, Georgia, North
and South Carolina, and allowed the Confederacy to fall.
The moral weight of that victory gave to the democratic
theory a power virtually irresistible. Resistance was
the more impossible in England because the Reform Act
of 1832 had swept away the old principle on which the
estate of the Commons was constituted, and yet, while
re-constructing the electoral body in democratic fashion,
totally disfranchised the working class. Our leading
statesmen had always condemned that disfranchisement;
its authors had at last repudiated it. How could it have
been sustained? If resistance was impossible, says
Lord Cranborne, Lord Derby should have resigned,
and left Reformers to carry a Reform Bill, as Peel should
have done in 1846 with the repeal of the Corn Law.
And he goes on to say that Lord Derby did not pass a
Conservative Reform Bill; he outbid the Liberals, and
offered household suffrage, which he and his had all
along denounced. This cannot be denied, and it con-
stitutes a grave charge against the Lord of Knowsley,
who, when he meets his first Parliament under the new
Act, will doubtless shudder like a second Frankenstein
at the monster he has conjured up, for a House of Com-
mons which really represents the people and not the
country gentlemen, must be a bug-bear to every true
old-fashioned Tory. The Conservatives, by making a
surrender of their principles, have induced the country
to tolerate them. They have also opened the door for
reforms which must come in a few years' time, and
which they will be unable to sanction. There are many
rocks ahead, upon any one of which the Conservative
ship may split. Foremost among the measures which
will trouble them are the abolition of church rates and
of flogging in the army, the equalisation of poor rates,
the settlement of the Irish Church question, the opening
of the Universities to members of all religious denomi-
nations, and a comprehensive system of national uni-
versitarian education. The Tories are resting on their
oars and watching the course of the stream, gliding
slowly along after the storm, but emitting occasional
bubbles which presage another convulsion at no distant
period. The great work of Reform is in its infancy, but
it must be admitted that it is a child which grows
with gigantic strides. Its Tory nurses pay it careful
attention, though it is known that they would like to
strangle it if they could, but with such formidable pro-
tectors as Gladstone and Bright, even the audacious
member for Buckinghamshire can do nothing but dandle
the bantling on his fostering knee and whisper words of
hypocritical fondness. The time will come when Re-
form will swallow up the Tories, and not even their
wholesale surrender shall save them from utter annihi-
lation.

WORKING MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

We do not object to the mere presence of working men in the
House of Commons, but what the Working Men's Association are
seeking goes far beyond this. They aim at creating a separate
phalanx in the House of Commons, numbering in all, say, fifty
members, composed on the one hand of the successful demagogues
who have been able to gain influence with working men, and, on
the other, of a band of ordinary working men, paid and supported
by the constituencies by whom they are elected, and sent to Par-
liament for the purpose of pressing the peculiar views and opinions
and wishes of their patrons and paymasters at all seasons upon
the House of Commons. There can be no doubt what the result
would be. It would be impossible for men who were dependent
for daily bread upon those who sent them to Parliament to exercise
even a minimum of independence. It is not even likely that the
class actually selected would desire to act with independence.
Their main, if not their only object, would be to please their
patrons, by acting and voting and speaking—if they ever spoke—in
the way they had been told, or in the way they believed would
please their constituents. And knowing as we do the arbitrary
and dictatorial temper of the trade unionists, can we suppose for
a moment that the man who depends on them for bread would be
allowed to be taught but the merest puppet in their hands?—
Imperial Review.

PUBLIC OPINION.

MANUFACTURING AN ANGEL.

THE story of an inquest held on Monday last at Woolwich, upon
the body of a little child, only a year and nine months old, which
had been beaten night and morning by a German baker, named
Roder, who was cohabiting with his mother is now well known.
A lodger in the house said, "She had heard the man beat the
child when its mother was present, and she heard the mother laugh
at the time. He used to beat it every morning and evening, and
it made her head ache to hear it." Another said that on the day
before she was told of the child's death it was beaten from half-
past ten till eleven in the morning, then locked up while the
murderer went out, and upon his return beaten again. The man
ran away, but before doing so told a neighbour that he had "only
beat" the child, and that it was "better off now, for it is an angel
in heaven." It is not the first time that the devil has turned
theologian, and ruffianism has taken credit to itself for the manu-
facture of angels. We are expected to think that the next best
thing to being an angel is to make one. It takes cruel hands to
do it, but, after all, is there no gratitude due to the man who adds
one to the population of heaven, and has, perhaps, been saving an
innocent from the wrath to come? This is theology gone putrid;
but we owe to it, in no small degree, the notorious prevalence of
infanticide, and the indisposition of juries to regard as murder the
destruction of a child too young for "sin." The universal ointment
for mortal offence against a child is to say of the dead little
one, "It is better where it is!" It is smothered at birth; more
commonly neglected wilfully in sickness, or starved in health; by
little and little, surely if somewhat slowly, pressed out of the
home, out of the world, in which its presence is inconvenient; and
the conscience of the offender plates over what is morally a wilful
murder with the consolations of theology.—*Examiner.*

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

We are inclined to think, with due deference to Mr. Skye's
authority, that he has enormously exaggerated the necessary danger
of boat racing, and considerably exaggerated the average danger.
But we cannot doubt that, in individual cases, those evils which he
describes are by no means uncommon. A young man is much too
willing to row in defiance of prudence, and it is not unrequited for
an enthusiast to endeavour to conceal symptoms of distress even
from his companions, who, in mere fairness to them, ought to be
informed. Moreover, there is a great temptation, when a crew has
been formed and the race is closely approaching, for a man to
struggle on in spite of ill health, if he can only hope to scramble
through the race, inasmuch as it is sometimes better to row with a
weak oar in the boat than with a new oar. The extreme enthusiasm
which is produced by all the attendant circumstances sometimes
encourages men to very undesirable efforts. The moral seems to
be obvious. If young men are found to be imprudent, that is no
exactly an unprecedented phenomenon, and there are older and
presumably wiser heads who ought to look after them. In the days
when all athletic exercises were looked upon with disfavour by the
authorities, it was a great disadvantage that there was no attempt
to regulate them. A young man who rowed was more or less a
reprobate, and was therefore given over to his own devices. It is
a pity if an indiscriminate encouragement has been substituted for
an indiscriminate condemnation. Athletic performances used to be
made disreputable, and now there is a tendency to give them an
artificial stimulus. The worship of athleticism is, however, suffi-
ciently keen to be quite independent of any encouragement from
above; the authorities who are most favourable to such practices
may with a clear conscience take the part rather of regulating and
restraining immoderate zeal, than of blowing a flame already too
ardent. Parents and tutors should insist that no young man should
row in severe races without due medical authorization, and tutors
especially should endeavour to import a little common sense into
the absurd superstitions still current on the subject of training.—
Saturday Review.

FRENCH INTERVENTION.

French intervention would tend directly to throw Italy into
the arms of Prussia, and would be extremely unpopular with a
large section of the French people as well as repugnant to the
presumed sympathies of the Emperor himself. If, in spite of these
considerations, he has really made up his mind to resume his
former position at Rome—a conclusion to which the suddenly re-
vived activity at Toulon seems to point—it may be supposed that
he still regards the Pope as more formidable than the revolutionists,
and has arrived at a different estimate of the necessities of his
position at home from that usually accepted by foreign critics.
The Berlin Government evidently expects that his determination
will be unfavourable to the maintenance of friendly relations with
Italy. While all the other embassies at Florence maintain an
attitude of dignified and cautious reserve, the members of the
Prussian Legation make no secret of their sympathy with the
insurgents, and profess a disinterested anxiety that Italy should
once more have Rome for her capital.—*Chronicle.*

THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

After all the evils and the disorders to which the French occu-
pation of Rome twenty years back gave rise, a new French inter-
vention in 1867 would be nothing short of a deliberate political
crime. How can we expect rebellions and outrages and assassi-
nations to cease if arbitrary rule is in this way the settled and
unanimous aspirations of a people? The French Emperor has done
something already for Europe, more perhaps than he quite intended
to have done. While we accept the benefits, we cannot but feel
that, if it is his purpose once again to crush out by military force the
hopes of Italy and the freedom of Rome, he is wretchedly, and to
serve the mere selfish interests of his dynasty, condemning Italy to
disorder and anarchy, and removing the last hope of settled European
peace. The effect on his own fortunes he must be left to
calculate himself. He will have pleased his Empress, his Catholic
bishops and their clergy, and perhaps the ignorant masses of the
rural population, besides gratifying the professional ardour of a
portion of the army; but he will have converted Italy from a warm
friend into a dangerous and powerful enemy, and irrevocably
forfeited his right to be considered the representative of French
democracy.—*Saturday Review.*

THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN.

With regard to Dr. Gray's reply to the appeal made to him by
the solicitor of Miss Burdett Coutts to relinquish the endowment
of his see, we must say, that so long as he holds the see of Capetown
the trustees will doubtless be bound to pay him the income attached
to it; but if he desires to carry out a policy totally at variance with
the designs of the founders, it is quite possible for him, and some
persons may think it incumbent on him, to resign the see. The
emoluments of the see are the least part of the question. But the
Colonial Church is allowed by statute certain privileges in relation
to our own. If however, the Colonial Church is to assert the
independence claimed by the Bishop of Capetown, it is time that
these privileges should be withdrawn or greatly modified.—*Times.*
THE CONSERVATIVE BANQUET AT MANCHESTER.
Lord Derby, in his story of the Reform Bill, has done justice to
everything, everybody, every class, except the party most concerned
—the House of Commons. It is the great merit of the Conserva-
tives, chiefs and party, that they had faith in the House of Com-
mons, and believed it could be persuaded to reform itself. The
House justified their confidence, entered into the work with a will,
and took it fairly off their hands. They had little else to do than
to repose in its loyalty and good sense, while it added some things
rejected others, and so licked the bill into shape, happily always
anticipating the secret wishes of the two happy framers.—*Times.*

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

GREENWICH is the noblest of European hospitals. Few of those, however, who visit the glades of Greenwich-park, or indulge in the costly luxury of whitebait dinners at the Ship or the Trafalgar, know more of the Hospital than that it is a refuge for old seamen; and although parliamentary discussions have, of late years, thrown some light on the internal economy and management of this institution, yet those discussions, have been so desultory, and have occurred at such long intervals, that some account of the past history and present position of the Hospital will probably present many particulars new to some of our readers.

King Charles II. has the merit of proposing a foundation for the benefit of wounded and disabled seamen belonging to the navy. The idea, however, was not put into execution until after the victory of La Hogue, achieved, under William and Mary, in the month of May, 1692. Shortly after that event, it was publicly announced that Queen Mary would raise a lasting monument of the gratitude which England felt for the courage and patriotism of her sailors. A plan was furnished, gratuitously, by Sir Christopher Wren, and two years afterwards, the asylum known as Greenwich Hospital was constructed on an eminently appropriate site on the margin of the Thames.

The Hospital was incorporated by Royal Charter, primarily, "for the relief and support of seamen serving on board the ships and vessels of the Navy Royal, or employed in our service at sea, who, by reason of age, wounds, or other disabilities, shall be incapable of further service at sea, or be unable to maintain themselves." A variety of subsequent grants and Acts of Parliament extended the scope of this original foundation, but left the primary design untouched. It is abundantly clear from all the documents relating to the Hospital that its advantages were designed to be restricted to seamen actually employed in the Royal Navy at the time of their becoming incapacitated, and were not designed for seamen in the merchant service, or for commissioned officers of the Royal Navy, both of whom at various periods have claimed to share in the benefits of the institution.

The number of pensioners in Greenwich Hospital has varied very much indeed from time to time, and would seem to have been proportioned in a great degree to the number of disabled seamen requiring assistance in consequence of naval engagements. In periods of peace, the number of seamen borne upon the books have been small; in times of war, it has been large. Thus the greatest number of pensioners ever borne upon the books of the Hospital was in 1815, when the complement was no less than 2,710. The gradual removal by death of the survivors of the war, the protracted peace, the decreased naval armament, the extension of commerce and of the merchant service, increasing the demand for seamen, and the facilities of obtaining other employment at home and abroad,—all these, together with the opportunities given by the Admiralty for obtaining out-pensions, and their improved scale, occasioned at more recent periods a progressive decrease in the number of applicants and inmates, until at last, in 1860, there came to be no less than 1,124 vacancies in the Hospital which the authorities were unable to fill up.

The mode of admission was by application to the Admiralty, and as the Admiralty has always been notorious for the imperious red-tape manner in which it treated naval officers of every degree, it can easily be imagined how the sailor fared who had to run the gauntlet of its clerks and officials. Upon application to the Admiralty from a party desiring admission, the Admiralty "issued an official form." The difficulties of poor Jack in filling up this "official form" with all the necessary particulars required by the Admiralty, may be more easily conceived than described. The "official form" was to be returned to the Admiralty "to be compared with the office records." "If, on such comparison, his claim appears to be well founded, he is desired to present himself at the Admiralty; but in whatever part of the country he may reside, his journey to London must be performed at his own cost and risk." Here we see how our officials, even in such a matter as obtaining an admission to a pauper hospital, have managed to arrange "how not to do it." Admiral Sir Charles Napier, in his evidence before the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners, illustrated the working of these "official forms":—

"An instance occurred the other day to a poor man in Dundee. I think he had written to the Admiralty to give him a small out-pension. The answer he received was that he was not eligible for the pension, but that if he thought proper to come up to London and to apply at Somerset House, he would be then examined; but they must tell him that, unless he was completely worn out and unfit, he was not eligible for the Hospital. I wrote to the Admiralty to say that I thought that was an odd sort of way in which to give a man an answer, and I wanted to know how the poor man, who was to come up to London from Dundee, on the chance of getting into the Hospital, was to find the money, and, secondly, how he was to get back again?"

Sir Charles Napier "wanting to know, you know," and My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty inviting a disabled seaman to come up from Dundee to London at his own expense to be examined by the Board, "assisted by the medical officers and the chief clerk of the Pension department," are both eminently characteristic.

It was naturally found, under such circumstances as these, that few but the most unworthy applicants asked for or got admission to the Hospital. The Commissioners report that, despite all the "official forms" of the Admiralty, "there are very few modes of ascertaining character, and none whatever of discovering his motives for seeking admission. These motives are sometimes of the most unworthy kind, such as a wish to escape from creditors or to abandon his wife and family. Whatever his motives or his character, if he fall within the regulations of the Admiralty, he is at once formally admitted, and he receives the order for entrance."

Various vexations and annoyances awaited, however, the successful candidate for admission to Greenwich. "In the institution all distinctions of rank were effaced. Men who attained the rank of petty, or even of warrant, officers are practically disrated, and mingled indiscriminately with ordinary seamen and the refuse of the naval service. Distinguished seamen of many years' standing who have been wounded and maimed in action, or otherwise disabled on duty, are confounded with others who have never known active service at all, and who are rather to be regarded as labourers or as domestic servants than as seamen. This disregard of the most obvious principles and advantages of classification is undoubtedly one of the reasons of the unsatisfactory state of the community at Greenwich Hospital, and of the dis-esteem in the naval service into which the asylum has fallen."

One of the practical objections to Greenwich Hospital would scarcely be believed if it were not put on record by the Hospital authorities themselves. The following is from the evidence of the Military Superintendent:—

"Chairman.—The wards have been described as much infested with vermin?—That must be expected, from the plan which is now pursued. In the month of June, orders are given to the pensioners to take their bedsteads out and scrub them. The cabins are also scrubbed. * * This scrubbing just gives the vermin a bath, and in a week or two they are more numerous than before, and there they remain and increase until the next June. * * When wards are turned out for a general repair, it is a perfect sight to see the bugs. I have heard of a string of bugs a yard in length."

These insects are said to be imported into the Hospital "by men who frequent low places in Greenwich." But why do they "frequent low places in Greenwich?" Herein appears to have been one of the most serious drawbacks to the whole establishment:—

"The wives of the pensioners are wholly ignored, and their circumstances are deplorable. From the Hospital they receive nothing except the distribution of the broken food of the hall and the notions

of men on short leave of absence. Even when they wash their husbands' linen, they receive no part of the saving which thereby accrues to the Hospital. * * All the man can obtain is wholly insufficient to provide lodging, clothing, and food for his wife and family. They are consequently consigned to extreme penury and wretchedness, and, in some instances, become chargeable to the parish."

Worse than that, it was established that the wives and other female members of the families of the pensioners infest Greenwich and Woolwich as street-walkers, accounting, at once, for "the low places in Greenwich" which the pensioners frequented.

One cause of this very serious evil arose from "the very stinted allowance of pocket-money assigned to the pensioners." On admission to the Hospital, each seaman was made to relinquish any pension he might have gained in the service! "He is, therefore, paid by the institution, under the name of tobacco-money, the sum of one shilling a week, which is understood to be a provision for various humble comforts as well as for pocket allowance." The practical effect of these parsimonious restrictions was at once offensive and demoralizing. "They induce many pensioners to present themselves before visitors to this great national asylum in the character of ordinary beggars. They forced others to seek, in places of the lowest description about Greenwich, menial and degrading employments, and they tend to exclude the pensioners from social intercourse with all but those of their own monotonous fraternity, thereby aggravating the evils which attend all monastic institutions."

One "discipline" of the Hospital was regulated by the Admiralty, which prescribed four kinds of punishment:—

1. The use of a red cape or collar.
2. The use of a yellow sleeve (condemning the wearer to do the office of scavenger to the Hospital.)
3. Fines—mulcts of money or beer.
4. Suspension, discharge or expulsion from the Hospital.

"Yellow Jack" has always been odious to the British seamen, whether as a flag or a tropical disease. The "yellow sleeve," which made the Greenwich pensioner an object of contempt to his companions, was so offensive that many preferred suspension or even discharge. The "yellow-sleeve men" had to muster together, to dine together, to walk last, and sit in a particular part of church, in the presence of all the congregation. "Jack" could not stand it!

Looking at the general result of the evidence respecting the condition of the Greenwich pensioners, it is quite obvious that the Government did well in obtaining an Act, which was passed in 1865, "to provide for the better government of Greenwich Hospital, and the more beneficial application of the revenues thereof." Under this Act power was given to grant outdoor pensions and allowances, under the designation of "Naval Pensions," to parties entitled to the benefits of the Hospital. All inmates of the Hospital who chose to avail themselves of these pensions were authorised to do so, but their acceptance was in no degree compulsory. Upwards of eight hundred inmates elected to leave the Hospital on receipt of these money allowances.

The consequence is, that the greater part of this grand establishment is now vacant. The 370 pensioners who remain are, for the most part, sick, crippled, and infirm old men, who have no opportunity of acquiring comfortable homes elsewhere. "Greenwich," in fact, is converted into an infirmary for such decrepit and imbecile pensioners as the Admiralty approve. Whilst, however, this change has been made, there has been no corresponding or sufficient change in the composition of the staff, who are still nearly as numerous as ever, and who are receiving incomes for the discharge of duties which they have now no longer to perform.

It was to this point that Mr. Seeley, the member for Lincoln, called the attention of the House of Commons at the close of the last session, and obtained a promise from the First Lord of the Admiralty of immediate attention to the subject. We shall have, in a future article, to look into the question of the present revenues and expenditure of this establishment, with a view to see in what way its ample resources can henceforward be most usefully employed.—*Athenæum*.

AN INGENIOUS FRAUD.

A CORRESPONDENT mentions that one of our consuls abroad has just been the victim of an ingenious and novel swindle, by which he has been eased of a sum of money considerable in comparison with a small salary. A young man of gentlemanly manners and address presented himself at the consulate with a request that the consul would legalize his signature for a declaration of half-pay due to him as a lieutenant in the navy. This person produced at the same time a Foreign Office passport to prove his identity, and exhibited a letter, which he stated he had just received from the Admiralty, wherein he was authorised to draw on the Paymaster, Naval Department, for a sum which would be duly paid on the pay declaration being attached to the bill. He further said that he found himself in a disagreeable position, since he had come under the full conviction that a remittance from his agents would be waiting for him, and had left a young lad who was his servant by way of pledge at an hotel until his return with funds for the discharge of his hotel expenses. He was "awfully disgusted" at receiving a letter from his agents, Messrs. Hoare, informing him that they held a balance to his favour of nearly £300, but they had omitted to enclose a list of their correspondents on the Continent. The consul, after examining the papers, gave credit to the story, and advanced the gentleman £40, receiving in exchange a bill payable at sight on the London firm, which was soon after returned with the endorsement, "not known."

LAUNCESTON ELECTORS.

THE electors of the borough of Launceston seem to be in terror lest they should find themselves in the outer darkness of disfranchisement if 5,000 become the population limit for boroughs. At a sitting of the Boundary Commissioners in the town, Liberals and Conservatives vied with one another in ingenious explanations of the fact that in ten years, from 1851 to 1861, the population fell from 6,000 to 5,140. Launceston returns one member, who is always a Conservative, and who is always owner of Werrington Park, or enjoys the credit of being a nominee of its owner. Until lately this place and half Launceston belonged to the Duke of Northumberland, but Mr. Campbell bought them. The Conservative speakers pointed to decayed trade, departed assizes, and a distant railway as the cause of the decline of the town, and suggested that the parish of Lifton should be included within the boundaries. The Liberal orators replied that Launceston had been always adding parishes to its limits, and been always waxing feebler. Besides, they declared that Lifton was as much under the thumb of a sole owner as Launceston was, and a contest would be equally hopeless. The true secret, they asserted to be, that Launceston decays because the Lord of Werrington refused to let land on building leases, and because of "the blighting influence of the borough system." A Tory advocate replied that he had 900 acres of land to let, but it did not appear that it was land on which any one would care to build. Both parties seemed to agree that unless a change was somehow brought about, Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander would find a congenial halting place among the ruins of Launceston Castle.

On Friday afternoon a large sailing barge, the Mary, of Rochester, laden with bricks, and the Emma and Jessie, a coal barge, were going up with a strong spring tide, when they got into collision at Battersea-bridge. The coal barge was driven astward the buttresses, and the Mary was driven by the force of the tide right on the top of her. They both turned bottom upwards, and their cargoes are at the bottom of the river. No lives were lost.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

At! At!—The French correspondent of the "Morning Star"—a very amusing gossip, by-the-by—says that Mr. Home, the Spiritualist, is going to marry Madame Moët, of the Champagne. Liking the wine, we don't like the news. No, no Home-made wine for us.

MOST SCRUPULOUS.—We know a man who keeps such a strict watch over his tongue, that he will not even allow himself to talk against Time.

ASPECT OF THE Political Horizon in Austria.—Beusterous.

NEWINGTON BUTTS.—The Ritual parsons of St. Matthias.

A WOMAN-HATER.—Spiteful Old Party (who is tarring the Stays of the Flagstaff): "Striped Gownds seem all the 'Go' with 'em, eh? (Chuckles.) I'll 'Strip 'em! Put a extra streak o' ile in, o' purpose—won't dry for a month! Come lollopin' about here with their crin'lynes an' tr'ines, they must take the consequences!"

SPORT IN THE HONEYMOON.—(Emily loves to see dear Charles shoot, but is a little afraid of a gun.) Charles (not quite in good humour): "Now, dear, if you will hold on by a tree, instead of my coat, perhaps it won't be a miss this time!"

FROM PEDOR!—THE "West Country News" says that "proceedings are to be taken against a churchwarden, who turned a woman out of church because he saw her refreshing herself from a spirit bottle." There is only one set of churches in which her conduct might be extenuated—those by Pewgin.

THE RING AND ITS FRIENDS.

Whether barney or funks

Put the "patrons" in sulks,

We rejoice that the Skunks

Have been done by the Skulks.

THEATRICAL.—Miss Menken is to re-appear as "Mazeppa." Playgoers are startled by the bare announcement.

A HINT TO YOUNG PARSONS.—Stoles, Chasubles, Dalmatics, Copes, Albs, et id genus omne—a very bad investment.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The distribution of the Banda and Kirwee prize money will commence on the 24th inst.!! So says a notice in the "Gazette." We wonder how many of those entitled to shares have got into the "Gazette," before notice of the distribution of prize money they won ten years ago?

FUN.

ON THE PIER.—First awful little Quiz (totally unaware of the proximity of little Binks): "Don't you know the one I mean? That odious little wretch with the pug nose and eyeglass!"—Second ditto, ditto, ditto: "Oh, I know now! You mean that horrid, smoke-dried, little shrimp, that poses himself at the end of the pier with his glass in his eye, as if he were looking for his nurse. We call him the Tadpole!" [Binks feels ecstatic.]

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. E. Miall was lately invited by the electors of Bradford to contest the representation of that borough in the place of the late Mr. Wickham. We feel it our duty to contradict the possible rumour that the M.P. for Westminster and the supporters of Female Suffrage wished to bring forward a lady-candidate, on the ground that "a Miss is as good as a Miall!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—The Duke of Newcastle's colt is to be known in future as Julius Caesar-ewitch, in memory of his great victory.

ANOTHER SUFFERING MANAGER!—Mr. Webster is not the only ill-used manager. We have it on the best authority that Mr. Webster's neighbour, the manager of the Lyceum, is being shamefully used. We are assured that poor Mr. Fechter, having engaged a "scratch" company, is *Clavé* nightly in his own theatre.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Port wine leaves its mark on the nose; water—on a Bank note.

JUDY.

ANOTHER "LOST CHILD."—Maiden Aunt: "So you like going to Church in the country, Edith?"—Child: "We don't go to church in London—we pay some ilder game."

BY A MONEY LENDER.—If "distance lends enchantment to the view," what interest per annum does it charge for the accommodation?

SEA-SIDE KINDNESS.—Paterfamilias: "What! Ten Shillings for candles? Why, I have not seen a candle since we have been here."—Waiter: "No, Sir; we gives you the benefit of gas, and only charges you for candles."

"BLINKHOOLE" AND "THE TALENT." Till the post was clean passed, "knowing ones" seemed to think The Cesarewitch States were a "moral" for "Blink"—But "Blink" he was beaten—his Backers say "drat him!" At first, they swore by him; but now they swear at him!

SELF-EVIDENT.—Last Man: "This can't be my hat, surely!"—Servant: "Yessir. That's your 'at, sir."—L. M.: "Quite sure?"—Servant: "Oh, yessir, quite sure, sir."—L. M.: "Well, then, hanged if I haven't been and taken some other fellow's head."

UGHT A hairdresser to be a cook?—Certainly not.

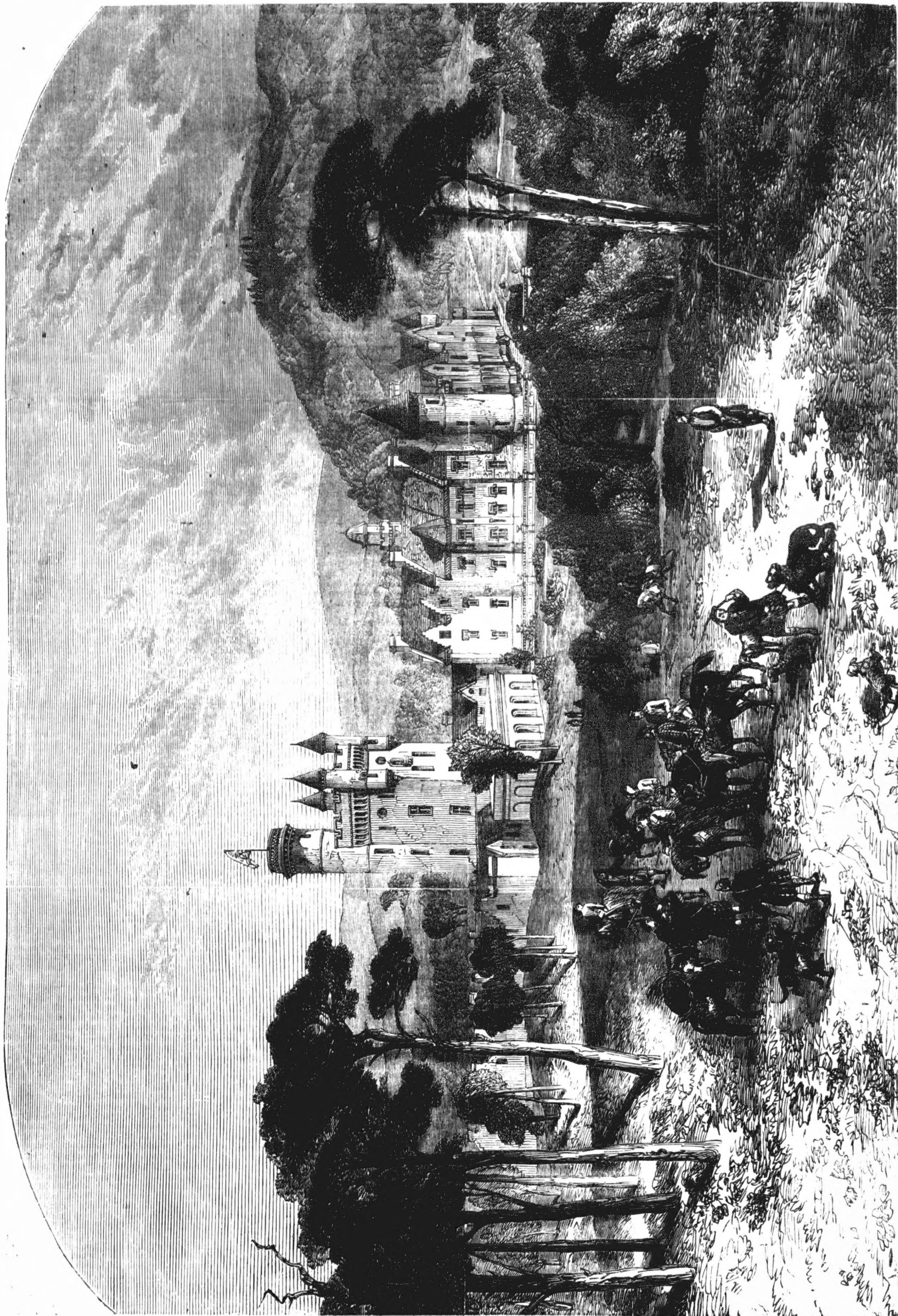
TOMAHAWK.

THE Secretary of State for War has asked the assistance of Sir Henry Storks in the organization of the Abyssinian expedition. This is a shameless admission of the incapacity of the wooden-headed authorities in Pall Mall. Let us hope that the administration of King Stork may prove more successful than that of King Log.

THAT "vulgar and silly nobody, who wishes to be considered a somebody, who gives us dirt-pies for the *Flaneur's* trifle, the 'Censor' of the *Morning Star*" (vide *Punch*), has indulged in another coarse attack upon us this week, which includes, among other matters, a misquotation, and half-a-dozen base and cowardly imputations. However, to quote the "Censor" for the second time:—"Satire is one thing, untruth and blackguardism another. If a costermonger did not swear, he might be chafed out of countenance by a school-boy; but his power lies in his oaths. When he opens his mouth, a gentleman shuts his." Exactly; so we shut ours, and shan't answer the "Censor."

A NICE LAIRD!—Lord Stanley tells us that he has not yet closed the Alabama question, but that he hopes with the help of "the great peacemaker, time," to do so. We presume that when the additional penny is added to the income-tax to pay the little bill, a monument will be erected to Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, for having deserved so well of his country, as to build the vessel. If all those far-seeing members of the House of Commons who cheered him when he proclaimed the pride he felt for his share in the matter, subscribe to the memorial, it will be worthy the occasion.

MR. DISRAELI has been undergoing a severe course of training for his approaching visit to Edinburgh. Oatcake, haggis, and porridge have formed his chief diet, and with the aid of whisky have securely repaired the ravages which constant practice of the Highland Fling has inflicted on his constitution. He will, of course, appear in a kilt at the great banquet, and will recite passages from Burns and sing a Gaelic song (accompanying himself on the bagpipes) in the course of the evening. The only Scotch accomplishment which he has as yet failed to conquer is the square reel; but the wild impetuosity of his jig will amply compensate for any deficiency on this point. His double shuffle is expected to bring down the Mayor and corporation, we beg pardon, Baillie and provosts, to say nothing of the castle. In fact, the Athens of the North will own that they never saw a real Scotchman before Mr. Disraeli.



BALMORAL CASTLE, THE QUEEN'S PALACE IN THE HIGHLANDS



THE CHURCH OF SANTA CATALINA, SEVILLE.

The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ALCHEMIST IN PERIL.

BUT neither the duke nor the Spaniard let their eyes rest for more than an instant upon the blackened features of the alchemist, nothing being further from their minds than the suspicion that Reginald Brame was Wild Redburn.

"My lord," said Cromwell, when the duke had drawn near, "what meaneth the report, that thou art protecting a foreign conspirator from arrest?"

"Your highness," replied the Spaniard, before the duke could speak, "the sword of Voldamon would never have been raised against Oliver Cromwell."

"But thy name is down upon the list of those who were to have assassinated us this night."

"No doubt, your highness. Lies have been told on me a hundred score of times," said the Spaniard, boldly. "I was to call for a vial of spice, or some such matter, at the shop of an alchemist, by name Reginald Brame, and to carry such vial to a party of gentlemen. After that I was to be told something else. Of course I smelt a conspiracy, but against whom, or of what nature, I cared little. The affair has blown over, and there's an end of it. His grace, the duke, has enlisted me in his service."

"And will stand his security for his avoidance of all plots against your highness," interrupted the duke, "so long as he remains in my service."

"Thou art a dangerous fellow, Voldamon, and you Spaniards bear no love for the Protector of England; yet, as thou didst save our life once yonder in Ireland, we pass over thy suspected share in the exploded plot; but remember that so long as thou art in England our eye will be upon thee."

"Thanks, your highness," replied the Spaniard, drawing a long breath, as of relief, and adding, to himself, "St. Jago of Spain and St. George of England! I am well out of it. Raise my sword against him! I would have pierced him like a fat lark for half the thirty thousand pounds the Royalist promised should be mine in case the plot had succeeded."

"My lord," continued Cromwell, addressing the duke, "thou wished to speak with one John Blair, of our body-guard. There lies all that is left of him."

"What! dead! Am I doomed never to find a trace of those lost ones!" exclaimed the duke, aghast as he gazed upon the body.

"Report calleth thee learned in medicine, alchemy, and many sciences, my lord," said Cromwell. "Canst tell what caused the death of these two men?"

"Is it the desire of your highness that I should examine them?" inquired the duke, with much reluctance in his tone.

"It is our desire, but not our command, Langford. Our own surgeon can perform the task, if thou likest it not."

Meanwhile Don Voldamon had stooped over the body of Allen, and gazed keenly at the only wound visible, that in the hand. He raised himself erect in a moment, and darted a glance around the apartment, a startled look of sudden dread, muttering:—

"I have seen men look like that wretch after death caused by the bite of a venomous serpent—but such serpents do not live in Europe."

The alchemist had withdrawn into the shadow, where he was scarcely visible.

"If it is not imperative I asked to be excused," remarked the duke, who had a horror of touching the dead; "and since he whom I wished to see is no more, I will withdraw."

The tone of the duke was deeply sad, for his heart suffered from repeated disappointments.

But the Spaniard had stooped again, and was examining the face of the other body.

Could the features of the alchemist have been seen at that moment a scornful smile would have been detected upon his thin lips.

The science and learning of the duke might have suspected poison in the blood of Allen, but not in that of Blair.

"This man," said the Spaniard, rising from his examination, "was John Cunningham, and it appears that he burst a blood-vessel, and was choked with his own blood."

The alchemist had not left the shadow, but the shadow left him, for the Spaniard in making his examination had used the lamp, so that Don Voldamon's eyes encountered him for the second time.

"Ha! a blackamoor!" cried the Spaniard, raising the lamp somewhat, so that the shadow of the profile of the alchemist was sharply defined upon the wall, the lofty forehead, long curved nose, short, thin, sharp lips, and protrusive chin clearly visible in their peculiar outline.

It was the shadow of the vulture hovering over the bodies of the dead.

The eyes of the duke caught sight of this remarkable profile, and he uttered a cry of mingled horror and surprise. He had recognised the profile of Wild Redburn, the poisoner and abductor of his wife.

But the outline faded the very instant that the eyes of the duke fell upon it, for the Spaniard lowered the lamp, and the alchemist changed his position, and when the startled duke glanced at the latter, he saw, apparently, a decrepit negro.

At that moment there was a disturbance among the guards in the hall, and immediately after Mag Floss darted from the strong hands which clutched at her, and rushed into the apartment.

Reginald Brame started forward as if about to speak to her, but overcome by the peril of his position, stepped back and leaned against the wall.

His position was one full of danger, and steel-hearted as he was, a nervous tremor shook his limbs, and his breath grew thick and hot.

There he was, in the presence of his injured brother; in the presence of the injured wife of that injured brother; in the presence of one who had aided him in his atrocious abduction of that unfortunate lady; nay, in the presence of the dead bodies of his recent victims—as yet unsuspected, but how soon might not his magazine of crime explode beneath him, and blow all his bloody web of cunning scheming to naught!

Mag Floss, or, as we will henceforth call her, Lady Eleanor, had no speech or eyes for any except Cromwell, to whom she said, as she tossed her long, snow-white and disordered hair with her hands:—

"Tyrant! Usurper! I did it! I plotted! Off with this poor head, as you smote off that of the Lord's anointed, murderer!"

Alas! there was no trace of the soft and musical voice of her earlier years. The poison administered by that villainous alchemist had destroyed those silvery tones which once belonged to the once

gentle Lady Eleanor Redburn, and transformed them into hoarse, harsh, deep notes, fit only for some rude traveller of the streets.

Nothing save the ghostly relics of her youthful beauty remained, and they were faded and changed beyond the recognition of the husband who had devotedly loved her, and that of the mercenary desperado who had received her hospitality and returned it with treachery.

"Thy mad woman is loose again, Reginald," said the Protector, disdaining to reply to her ravings. "It were best that she be clapped into Bedlam. Tame thy beast, man, or we may forget that it is a woman."

Reginald, no longer daring to remain in the background, advanced, with his eyes fixed upon Lady Eleanor.

"Satan! It is Satan himself, come to claim Oliver Cromwell—Cromwell the regicide! Take him, devil, take him, and down with him to your hottest, lowest, and most howling hell!"

Reginald repeated that pantomime which we have stated the practised observer would translate from gesture into speech, thus:—

"He is digging a hole; he is digging a grave; the grave is not long; it is that of a very small child; now he picks something up; something he loves, for he embraces it, he kisses it, he weeps over it; now he places it in the hole which he has dug; he kneels and weeps; he prays; he covers that something with the earth near him; he is alarmed; he flies."

But Lady Eleanor, though greatly moved, did not burst into tears, as she did before. She trembled, and her hands ceased to toss her hair, and her eyes, avoiding those of the alchemist, became fixed upon the pitying gaze of the duke.

Her face changed its expression of terror to one of amazement. She leaned far forward toward the duke and peered eagerly into those soft blue eyes which we have said seemed to belong rather to a woman than to a man.

Reginald Brame uttered a cry of rage, stamped heavily upon the floor, and as she flashed her glance to his, grasped a ribbon around his neck, and feigned to hang himself.

Upon this Lady Eleanor fell upon her knees, as if smitten with extreme terror, and wept sobbingly, clasping her hands and uttering piteous moans.

Were the gestures of the cruel alchemist a threat? Were they not a pantomimic representation of one of those modes of torture by which he had succeeded in subduing the lofty spirit of Eleanor Redburn?

"Go," said Reginald, in a fierce voice—"go to your room, and stay there."

"Mercy, master, mercy, and I will not offend again!" moaned Lady Eleanor, as she arose from her knees and moved away.

"Unfortunate woman!" said the gentle-hearted duke. "Hers is a strange madness. What did your gestures signify, sir?" he asked, turning to the alchemist.

Reginald Brame made no reply. He feared lest the duke or the Spaniard might recognise his voice, although twenty years had flown since either had heard it, or that the explanation of his pantomime might arouse dangerous recollections of the past.

He shrugged his shoulders and remained silent.

"Come, Reginald," said Cromwell, "lead us to thy daughter's apartment."

"Rather to my own, my lord, as that of my daughter, may be occupied by the mad woman," whispered the alchemist. "She often seeks refuge there."

"So be it. I have no desire to meet the tigress again. Langford and Voldamon will ye follow?"

"Pray excuse us, my lord," replied the duke. "We have urgent business elsewhere."

"As ye please," said the Protector. "Lead on, Reginald." He made a signal to his guards, and a score of them fell in behind him and the alchemist, marching with a steady, military tramp, until Reginald opened a door from a hall and said:—

"Enter, if it please your highness. This is my most private apartment."

Cromwell entered, leaving his guards ranged on either side and before the door.

The apartment was large and lofty, and well furnished, being apparently both a library and a sleeping room, while in one corner was fitted up a small laboratory, with furnace and all appurtenances complete.

A powerful and unpleasant odour of some pungent drug assailed the nostrils of the Protector, and he exclaimed:—

"This is stifling. Raise the window."

"I will soon remove this unpleasant odour," said the alchemist, uncorking a vial, and scattering a delicious perfume over the room. "Be seated, my lord, and I will briefly make known to your Highness what I meant when I said that my pay must be more than money."

"Haste then, man; for time flies, and we would return to the palace."

"My lord," said the alchemist, in a low and impressive tone, "I ask, in return for placing the person of Charles Stuart in your power, the full pardon and restoration to his estates of an outlawed man, in the first place—"

"In the first place!" repeated Cromwell. "We think so much of the first place is more than enough of reward. But go on. We would see to what wildness of flight thou canst soar."

"My lord," replied the alchemist, "we are treating for the establishment of a dynasty—for the succession of the throne of England."

"The succession! The throne is not vacant, in fact, so long as Oliver Cromwell lives."

"But even your Highness cannot enjoy that power in peace so long as the sons of the late King are at liberty—no, not even were both Charles and James in the Tower of London, and pining within its deepest dungeon."

"Very true," muttered Cromwell, as he knit his heavy eyebrows. "Plots and schemes will ever menace our person."

"And when Oliver Cromwell dies, as all men must die, my lord, his dynasty will be short-lived if the Stuarts remain to claim the throne."

"Granted, for our son Richard hath not his father's strength nor will. We must make his seat secure ere the will of God call him hence," said Cromwell. "Let us hear thee, 'in the second place,' Reginald."

"In the second place, the outlaw, having been pardoned and resorted to his forfeited estates, must be advanced to the title and estates now possessed by another," continued Reginald, firmly, as one states a fact.

"Mercy of God!" exclaimed Cromwell, in a bitter tone. "We trust there is no 'in the third place,' Reginald Brame."

"No, my lord. I have plainly stated all that I ask. It is a small price for a sovereign to pay for security and peace for himself, and for the establishment of a dynasty."

"Now let us hear the name and crimes of the outlaw, Reginald."

"I am the man, please your Highness," replied the alchemist, calmly.

"Thou!" exclaimed the Protector. "So far it is well. We did think thou hadst in thy demand the pardon of some once great lord and present traitor—some duke or earl. Thy pardon! What hast thou done? Men say that thou hast poisoned some enemy. A pardon from our hand will make thee as free from law and justice as any man in England. Who art thou but Reginald Brame the alchemist?"

"Before I disclose that, my lord, I must have the solemn pledge of your Highness that my confession shall remain in the ear of your Highness alone; that you will give no hint, by pen or tongue, to others of what I tell you; that your Highness will leave me as you found me—unknown, unsuspected."

"We give our sovereign word for that, man. Go on. What did men call thee before thou wert simple Reginald Brame?"

"Herbert Redburn, of Essex, sometimes 'Wild Redburn,' my lord."

The alchemist had leaned over the table at which the Protector was seated, in making this confession, and his whispered words hardly reached even the attentive ear of Cromwell. But Cromwell heard, and sprang to his feet as if attacked, grasping his sword, and exclaiming,

"Devil on earth! Stand back! Guards, arrest the man!"

"Remember your solemn pledge, my lord," cried the alchemist, as the guards rushed towards him.

His voice loud, clear, and shrill, but his demeanour calm and dignified.

"Back! Retire!" commanded the Protector, and as the surprised guards left the apartment and resumed their stations, he continued, "Our pledge is sacred, man, and it is well for thee that we gave it—otherwise the hangman should have the handling of thy neck before sunrise. And so thou art that demon of Essex, Wild Redburn," said the Protector, as he again sat at the table. "We remember to have heard of thee years ago, and to have shuddered in the hearing."

"Your Highness no doubt heard much that was not true," replied the alchemist, in his calm voice. "Were one-half of what the enemies of England's Protector say of him true, would not Oliver Cromwell be a demon on earth?"

"Be not over bold, man," remarked Cromwell, sternly. "We have heard that sentence of death hangs over Herbert Redburn. Our powers are great enough to restore even him to his freedom from arrest for past crimes, and to his confiscated estates. As we have abrogated and made null many of the laws and decrees of the times of the late tyrant, we may easily pardon thee. But now we come to thy 'in the second place.' Who is he to whose title and estates thou demand an advancement?"

"Henry Redburn, Duke of Langford."

"He who was in our presence a moment since, the noble Henry Redburn, the mild and unoffending?"

"All that he may be," replied the alchemist, in a scornful tone. "A mild and very gentle fellow is the duke, but not a friend of Cromwell. Did he ever draw his sword, or use his pen in your defence, my lord? Would he not as readily swear a peer's allegiance to the restored Stuart as to a Cromwell? Sovereigns to be kings or rulers, my lord, must rise above mere sympathies. Accede to my requests, and I pledge in return to place Charles Stuart in the Tower of London, or, better yet, in his grave," said Reginald, lowering his voice still further, "within a month at most, and his brother James, called the Duke of York, shall not survive him. Then, being Duke of Langford, I swear no Wolsey nor Richelieu, could be a better ally to his sovereign than Herbert Redburn would be to Oliver Cromwell."

The Protector gazed in amazement upon the evil and ambitious man before him. The dye upon his face obscured the expression of his features, but his flashing eyes, impressive whisper, and imposing look declared that he possessed an iron will, strong intellect, and fiery boldness.

"Will nothing less content thee?" demanded Cromwell.

"Cleanse away that dye, man."

"Nothing less, my lord," was the calm reply, as he cleansed his face with an acid.

"Stay. What if we pardon thee, restore thee thy lost name, rights of succession, estates, &c., and make thee of as high a rank as that of the Duke of Langford—why, man, the duke bears his title more by consent of courtesy than by Royal patent, for the

right and the title expired during the reign of James Stuart, and the matter is in chancery, where it may remain for a lifetime or more. What if we make thee duke or something else?"

"With a right of succession to that of Langford, in case the present possessor dies without heirs, my lord?" asked the alchemist.

"Aye, I have said so. For if Herbert Redburn could have removed his brother Henry from his path, he would have done so years ago."

"Yes; I have heard that the coward never eats nor drinks without first having searched for poison, and fears ambushed death in every leaf," said Reginald, scornfully. "But I will be content with what your highness has advanced."

"We will take the matter under our consideration," replied the Protector, "and having decided will send thee word."

"We need not wait thee, Reginald, to keep this conversation secret, for thy life depends on it. Meanwhile restore Captain Blood to health and strength, for we need him."

He then left the room, and soon afterwards not a guard of the many who had thronged the halls of the Red House remained beneath its roof, except the wounded Captain Blood. The others, bearing their dead and wounded with them, had returned to the palace of Cromwell, he going with them.

"He will carefully consider the matter," muttered the alchemist, in a tone of disdain and disappointment. "Better for you and your dynasty, puffed up son of a brewer, that you had decided as I wished when you sat there at that table. Had you have done so I would have led you to the spot where the hunted Charles Stuart lies in my power. I said I would yield him up within a month, for I dared not say within a less time, lest Cromwell should suspect that the outlawed king was near. I have had a narrow escape; but Lenora has fled, and Carlos Salvador has appeared. One must be caught, the other must die. Henry Redburn—of what use would his death be to me unless I were ready and free to step quietly and unopposed into the succession? Let him live until it suits me that he should die, poor milk-blooded simpleton. Captain Blood shall be my ally and firm friend—he the body, irresistible, I the brain, unequalled. The dukedom may yet be mine—nay, why not more, amid the confusion which must ensue when Oliver Cromwell dies?"

The tall frame of the scheming alchemist grew more erect as wild dreams of ambition floated, or rather flashed over his brain—wild and fantastic dreams of wealth, rank and power, which had been the mainspring of all those terrible crimes which had quivered his evil career—dreams which had perverted his powerful intellect from right to wrong, and made him impatient to grasp the results of evil desires and wicked promptings.

Detection at early manhood had overwhelmed his name and clouded his hope, yet he had never ceased to hope nor to scheme, although forced to live under various names to avoid detection, and to bury his talents in the obscure calling of an alchemist.

He had powerful allies, or could make many of those whose evil desires he had served powerful allies, were he once in a position to demand and not ask their aid.

More than one great lord or lady, or rich merchant, had died in the zenith of greatness or wealth, to whose heir the alchemist could say: "Be my devoted friend, or I place your head upon the block."

True, his own head would necessarily be placed there also, but frightened people always believe that those who frighten them are desperately in earnest.

Therefore he had waited and watched and hoped, and many of the crimes of poisoning in which he had assisted owed his participation in them to his desire to place others in his power.

"I will now bargain with Charles Stuart," he muttered as he left the apartment, but as he reached the door, the unwelcome form of Lady Eleanor stood before him.

A single glance at her dark eyes told him she was in possession of her reason!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ALCHEMIST AND HIS VICTIM.

ONE startled glance told the terrified alchemist that the victim of his long-continued cruelty was rational. How long she might remain sane he could not judge. She might therefore be of clear mind, or she might relapse into insanity within a few minutes, as she had done several times since she fell beneath his fiendish power.

But there was imminent peril even in Lady Eleanor's being sane for an instant, for she spoke these words on seeing him, and she might speak them to others:—

"I am Lady Eleanor Redburn. Aid me to find, first my husband, and then my children, Herbert Redburn."

She always recognized him, the brother of her husband, when these fits of sanity relieved the darkness and ignorance of her insanity; but as she had never known whose hand it was that struck her reason from its throne, she never accused Herbert of the crime.

It was only after scenes and actions of great excitement that poor Lady Eleanor recovered her reason, and the vigilance and sense of peril of the alchemist were ever upon the watch to crush out these sparks of rationality.

"Why is your face so pale, Herbert? And how old you have grown. Are you really handsome Herbert Redburn? Pity that you are called Wild Redburn, and that men say you are so evil. But Sir Henry loves you—no, I will not drink the wine, Herbert, for it always hurts me. I am sure that it throws me back into my madness."

"Ah, you have begun to reason so very clearly already," thought the alchemist, as he placed the glass upon the table, upon which the unhappy lady had now leaned her aching head. "Then the dose must have lost its power, or I must increase the quantity. But wait. Perhaps she is relapsing again."

But the clearness of Lady Eleanor's dark and beautiful eyes, and their noble, steady light, as she raised her head instantly, proved that she was far from relapsing into insanity then.

"Herbert," said she, and he noticed, with a start of surprise, that the hoarseness of her voice, so marked and peculiar while insane, had almost disappeared; a circumstance he had never noticed in any of her former returns to sanity, "I have been mad, crazy—how long?"

"Twenty years," he replied, bluntly. "But drink this wine, for your ladyship seems exhausted."

"No, not yet, Herbert. I have never been so clear in mind in any of the short moments of reason which I have enjoyed," she replied, pushing away the glass as he offered it. "Twenty years! Good God! Mad for twenty years! And my husband?"

"Is dead, Lady Redburn."

"Henry—my noble, devoted husband—dead!" cried the unfortunate lady, as tears welled from her beautiful eyes. "Oh, no! It is not so, Herbert. God could not be so cruel as to cast him into the grave while his wife lived to mourn for him. Henry died! Oh, no! I will not believe it."

She leaned her face upon her hands, and sobbed loudly.

"Come," thought the merciless alchemist, "here is a chance to learn if she ever suspected me in the matter. If she did, or does, it will not be a maddening dose which I will give her, but one that shall make an end of her. And why not end her? Bah! Why did I not do it this score of years? I do not know. Perhaps because I used to love her."

"Eleanor," he said, in a gentle tone, as he threw aside his icy demeanour, "you are very ill and weak. Do taste this wine."

"No, unless it might end my misery, Herbert," she cried. "Say that it is rank and deadly poison, brother, and I will drink it cheerfully, since you say Henry is dead—my noble husband—whose every wish was only that his wife might never know sorrow.

Is it poison? Then let me have it, brother. But give me nothing which may add a single minute to my existence of torture."

"Poison! Devils alive!" exclaimed the alchemist, in sudden alarm. "Why should you think I could offer you poison?"

"Ah, Herbert, do not be angry with me," she said in a piteous tone. "I know that you could not offer me anything harmful, but I wish you could."

"What! You are unwilling to live, with a hope of some day meeting your children—little Matilda and Edgar?" cried Reginald.

"My children! Do they live, Herbert? Has death been content to snatch away my husband, and leave me my children? Where are they, brother? Lead me to them. Weak and ill, oh, Herbert, I could crawl to the ends of the earth, unwearied, did I believe that my children lived! Where are they?"

"That remains to be found out, my dear sister," replied the alchemist. "But I am very sure that one of them, Matilda, is alive, and I am not sure that the other, Edgar, is dead. I wish I was," he added, fiercely, in his mind. "But cheer up, have hope, Lady Eleanor, and we will soon have all things right again. Now can you explain how it was that you lost your reason? We never could imagine, as none of the families of your ladyship's father and mother ever had a discoverable faint of insanity."

Lady Eleanor leaned her head upon her hands, and closed her eyes, as if striving to recall the scenes and events of twenty years before.

The cunning alchemist watched her with more eagerness expressed upon his thin features than he usually allowed to be seen.

"It is so long ago, Herbert, that my memory, distracted as it has been, is confused," she said at length, as she raised her head. But as she did so, her hand falling wearily to her girle, she touched the hilt of that long sharp knife with which she had smitten Bolton.

She drew it with a cry of surprise, and gazed wildly upon its blood-stained blade, and for the first time noticed that her right hand and sleeve were moist with blood.

"Great Heaven!" she exclaimed, casting the knife aside and staring at her bloody hand. "What means this? Oh, my God! have I shed blood in my madness? Tell me, Herbert, what I have done—when—where?"

"Where were you when your reason returned to you, Lady Eleanor?"

"Where am I now? I know not, except that I have twice before been led into this room by you when my reason flashed back," said the unfortunate lady, wildly. "A moment since I found myself in a dark room. I groped my way into a hall. I saw a light shining from an open door. I ran to that room. I thought—ah, I hoped that I was in Redburn Castle. I entered the room, and heard a dismal groan from a man lying upon a bed. I rushed to him—"

"Ha!" cried the alchemist, with great effort concealing both rage and fear. "You did not speak to that man, did you?"

"I did, though he shrank from me, and sprang half erect as I approached him," replied Lady Eleanor.

"What did you say? Did you say that you were Lady Redburn?" demanded the alchemist, setting his teeth hard.

"No, I had not time, for his reply to my only question frightened me. I said, 'Whoever you are, I beg you to tell me where I am?'"

"And what said the man?" asked the alchemist, who knew that Lady Eleanor had addressed Captain Blood.

"He howled at me, 'You are in the house of the devil whose servant you are!'" His dreadful looks appalled me, and I fled into the hall. I heard the tramp and voices of many men, and ran I know not where to avoid them, for I thought they were pursuing me, until I saw a light streaming from this room. I ran hither, and you met me."

The alchemist drew a long breath and wiped a cold sweat from his brow. What if she had met the duke and cried, "I am Eleanor Redburn, wife of Sir Henry Redburn?" What if she had fallen into the hands of Cromwell's guards thus restored to reason? All his air-castles would have tumbled at once, and their fragments would have been rocks to crush him.

"But the knife—this blood upon my hand!" again demanded Lady Eleanor. "Tell me what I have done?"

"Nothing, Lady Eleanor," replied the alchemist, calmly, and smiling. "In your madness you are an excellent housekeeper, and carry that knife to cut off the heads of fowls—that is all. Be calm, my sister. The blood is nothing more than that of a fowl which you insisted upon dressing."

"Thank Heaven it is not human blood!" exclaimed the deceived lady. "Oh, Herbert, if ever I am dangerous in my madness let no weapon fall into my hands, but tie me, bind me, imprison me in a dungeon. Am I dangerous in my lunacy?"

"Not at all; as mild as you are at this moment, my poor afflicted sister," replied Reginald. "But you were about to recollect how it was that madness first came upon you. You remember that you had two children—a boy and a girl—"

"Remember them! Yes; and even in my madness there is a strange memory of something connected with them, or with one of them. Let me think."

Again the pallid face and aching head sank upon her emaciated hands as she strove to pluck something from the past.

"Even in her madness there is a strange memory of something connected with them, or with one of them," thought the alchemist, as he watched her narrowly. "Were it not so, my pantomime of the burial of her living child would be of little avail in taming her fury."

"Twenty years of madness!" sighed poor Lady Eleanor, raising her head. "But that madness has not destroyed my memory of the happy years which preceded them."

"Come," said the alchemist, "I would like to learn whether that memory is as good as she thinks. If she is correct, then I must either give her something to totally destroy that memory or destroy her."

There was not a shade of remorse nor of pity in the heart of that evil man as he coolly watched his victim. Already in his mind he said, "I must make my poisons stronger." Already he scented danger amid the ruins of that shattered intellect, and meditated what drugs he should use to sweep into oblivion even those ruins, and make that retentive memory a blank, a desert, a waste as bare of a green spot as the waves of the Dead Sea.

"I am your physician, Lady Eleanor," he said in a persuasive tone—and he could make his voice as soft as a girl's—"as well as your guardian, and as I hope that this return of reason may be permanent, I wish to learn whether or not your memory retains any of its former health, if I may use the phrase. Now imagine me unacquainted with any of your antecedents, and tell me who you were, how you lost your reason, as briefly as possible."

"I am the wife—alas! no—I am the widow of Sir Henry Redburn, of Essex," replied Lady Eleanor, in tears, as the remembrance of the alchemist's reply arose in her mind. "If I have been mad twenty years, as you say, it is twenty-five years since I married Sir Henry."

Here her grief choked her speech, and she paused to wring her hands and sob.

"Her memory will be fatal to her," thought the cunning serpent, as he calmly weighed her words. "She is right. She had been wedded five years when she lost her reason."

"Five years, Herbert, of unalloyed bliss," she continued, crushing her sorrow sufficiently to become intelligible, though still sobbing. "You know—for you were often a guest, a welcome guest, at Redburn Castle—how happy we were. When we had been married three years, a son was born to us. He did not live to be more than a few months old. He died suddenly."

(To be continued.)

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The Imperial family returned to the Tuileries on the 15th inst.; it was reported that the Empress would not accompany his Majesty, but would go direct from Biarritz to either Nice or Mentone, and take the Prince Imperial with her, as the boy still continues in anything but a satisfactory state of health. This change of plan, if carried out, would have been a matter for regret, as the Emperor of Austria is announced to pay the long promised visit to Paris on the 20th inst., and on the 22nd inst. there is to be a splendid dinner given at the Hotel de Ville, and afterwards a concert, which was selected in preference to a ball, as his Austrian Majesty still wears deep mourning. These fêtes lose half their charm when the Empress Eugénie fails to grace them with her presence.

While still at Biarritz the Empress wore the simplest of toilettes. During the day, when out of doors, her Majesty appeared in plain tail dresses of medium shades, such as dust grey, Bismarck, English grey, Empress blue, &c., &c. The petticoat was usually darker than the dress, and the skirt was decorated either with cross-bands or satin rouleaux of the same shade as the petticoat.

The following is a short costume which the Empress wore a few days since:—A Bismarck faille petticoat bordered with a flounce, which flounce was headed with equilles of silk to match; these ornaments prevented the petticoat from falling inwards, and thus looking ungraceful. The skirt was of a lighter shade of Bismarck, trimmed with small equilles, and edged with a rich fringe of the same shade. Paletot of light Bismarck faille, scooped out round the edge and fringed; cross-cut bands of the darker shade of silk were arranged at the back, to give the paletot the effect of falling somewhat in to the figure. A wide sash was tied in the centre of the skirt at the back, and terminated there without ends. On the same day her Majesty wore at dinner an exquisite white silk dress studded all over with green and gold flies; an enamelled bandeau representing similar flies was bound round her head—altogether a most original toilette.

At the races on Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne there were very few Parisian ladies present, on account of the inclement weather; but many aristocratic foreigners of the fair sex braved the damp, and showed themselves more courageous. I remarked the Countess S— in a very stylish short costume of groseille velvet; the petticoat was amaranth satin, bordered with a quilling; the velvet skirt was looped up at one side with a wide satin sash; a very narrow satin quilling was sewn to edge of the skirt, and there was not a shadow of crinoline; the short velvet paletot was trimmed with satin bands and feather fringe; the narrow velvet sleeves were almost concealed by large Hungarian sleeves lined with satin. A fanchon bonnet in amaranth velvet, with a velvet torse inside, a tuft of feathers outside, and narrow velvet strings completed the Countess's toilette.

Princess M— wore a blue cloth short costume, with a petticoat bordered with black braid; the skirt was fastened up with three golden balls, and the short paletot was likewise fastened with gold balls instead of buttons. For head-gear a velvet toque, the back of which was bordered with black feathers, and the side ornamented with a blue wing, fastened down by a tuft of gold everlasting. The Princess's small feet were encased in the most dainty of bronze kid boots. This in Paris is considered "supreme elegance" on a wet day. Sensible people would remember the adage, "waste not, want not," for we all know that bronze kid tinged with gold is very perishable wear in fine weather; but on rainy days its gloss, and consequently its glory, vanishes in about five minutes.

A more coquettish costume (worn by a foreigner, whose name I did not catch) consisted of grey velvet piped with erise satin. A grey redingote bordered with erise was tied round the waist by a cerise satin sash, fastened with two gold rings, and in the centre of the bow there was a bee represented in ebony, and with gold wings. The grey velvet bonnet was made from the same piece of material as the dress; a spray of cerise geraniums was arranged just in the centre of the bonnet. This is the new style, or rather the new position, for arranging flowers. Bonnets are usually made in one colour, and that colour matches the dress; mixtures should therefore be avoided as anti-fashionable. If the dress is black trimmed with blue, the bonnet should follow suit; only black bonnets and paletots have the privilege now of accompanying every variety of costume.

Very beautiful new colours, or rather shades, have been introduced this winter for what are called robes habillées. In pink there is great variety; the aurora pink, a most delicate yet decided shade, is the last introduction; it is a good candlelight colour, and proves marvellously becoming to the complexion. It is a great improvement on the shade known as "tea rose," which, like salmon pink, has too much yellow in it. The Empress shows a great preference for a colour called gris Anglais. It is the most brilliant of greys, and has a metallic shade like steel on it, only it is lighter than steel, and bluer than the shade known as steel grey. The other shades for winter wear are Dagmar-blue, vin de Bordeaux or bright claret, and Regina, which last is a pink lilac. Pompadour dresses are very fashionable for dinners and theatre; the "supreme elegance" is a Pompadour dress embroidered by hand, and not brocade. Those whose purses are too limited to invest in this supreme elegance content themselves with brocade dresses, the newest variety of which are those with narrow straw-coloured stripes broken by small bright pink bouquets and black dots. When gold is introduced in the pattern, the dress is then trimmed with white satin and gold gimp. Black and gold, which the Empress wears in the fashion, has been very generally worn at Biarritz, and will continue to be adopted in Paris, but not when its wearer is on foot. There are certain elegancies in a lady's toilette which should only be adopted when their wearer drives. Velvet is now trimmed with gold gimp, which has rather a tinsel, starchy effect.

As for black and gold bonnets, an exception is made in their favour; for they have made a conquest of Paris, and are worn both on foot and in a carriage. A leading milliner informed me that morocco leather toques and bonnets are to be worn this winter, to complete the waterproof costumes. If the fashion takes, I will return to the subject in a future letter.

The following is a trousseau for a youthful Neapolitan Princess:—There are sixteen dresses, and what dresses! The bridal toilette was made of white faille; the skirt is bordered with a row of satin bows placed quite close to each other, and to stand upright, while the short loops (one of which forms a centre to every bow) are placed to run in a horizontal line. The tunic is Alençon lace, looped up on the left side with white satin bows, made like those round the skirt, but with narrower satin ribbon. The dress for returning visits is lilac velvet, trimmed with lilac satin and lilac feather fringe; a paletot to match. One evening dress is Hortense-pink satin, trimmed with cross-cut bands of the same, and with insertion of point à l'alguille. I also saw a Dagmar-blue dress, and a ruby velvet dress; both were made quite plain in front, on tablier, and the train was put on at the back like a deep flounce; by this arrangement any excess of puffs round the waist was avoided, and yet the train was ample and flowing. The travelling costume was blue faille, trimmed with black velvet and blue gimp. Altogether I have rarely seen a more tasteful, well-selected trousseau.—*Queen.*

On Saturday a man named Robert Reynolds, whilst engaged in repairing some gas piping at the house of Mr. Simonds, at Maidenhill, procured a candle to light a screw that he had dropped. An explosion immediately took place, burning him so severely about the hands and face that he was conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital, where he still lies.

LITERATURE.

"The History of the Navy during the Rebellion." By Charles B. Boynton, D.D. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Vol. I. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Low & Co.

On the tone and fairness of Dr. Boynton's remarks upon England, the following passage is a specimen:—

"It is believed that the keen, icy, degrading selfishness of England, as shown in her conduct then, is without a parallel in the history of nations. It reached that pitch of shamelessness where there was not even a pretence of any regard for justice, or any moral principle whatever; not even a reference to any noble impulse, or a generous sentiment; no feeling of sympathy or pity for a people of their own kindred, struggling to maintain a lawful government against a formidable rebellion, to maintain law, and order, and human rights, and free institutions, against traitors leagued for the overthrow of all these, and whose success would have stopped the progress of American civilisation, and have given a new lease of power to the worst despotisms of Europe. The course of England was the most complete vindication of her own writers who charge her with having become inaccessible to any great moral principle, to every great idea, and alive only to the one degrading purpose of keeping up wealth, careless alike whether she feeds her greed upon the blood and tears of her own children, or upon the weakness or misfortunes of other nations. Whatever may be thought of this, one fact is beyond dispute: Great Britain, by her American policy, has corrupted her own public sentiment, has diminished the moral force of the nation, and has thus inflicted upon herself a wrong which she cannot soon repair. She is incapable, for the present, either of a great enterprise or of an heroic defence. She will need the furnace of affliction to purge this mammon dress away. She will require the pressure and the inspiration of trial before she will regain what was once noble in her character. She cannot reply to such statements that other nations have done similar things. Doubtless individuals of other lands have been guilty of acts like hers. But where else shall we find an example of the leading classes of a whole nation cheering on the manifest wrong, casting all true convictions and all former professions aside away, giving themselves to the impossible task of proving the truth a lie, and making falsehood their watchword? Where else do we find a nation becoming hot and enthusiastic in evil merely to make herself richer, and to gratify a low jealousy of her own offspring, because they were too propens to suit her ambition and pride? America came forth from the war far nobler and stronger than ever, because she fought for a great idea; but when England finished her experiment she was weaker and more demoralized than ever before, and more completely the slave of mammon and low and selfish aims."

"The Banks of the River: a Chronicle of the County of Wexford." By Patrick Kennedy. Dublin: P. Kennedy. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

In point of drawing character, Mr. Kennedy is less successful with the clerical than the lay material. His dancing-master is thus depicted:—

"The teacher of dancing, when about to commence a quarter's campaign, *serenaded*, in company with his violinist, a district of eight or ten square miles, and summoned the boys and girls of a townland to meet at some central farmstead, cheered their spirits with some gratuitous jigs and reels, and while their minds were gay, made out his list for the ensuing quarter of nine nights, each pupil to pay 'a thirteen' to himself and a taster (sixpence halfpenny) to the fiddler. A compass of four or five townlands thus completely filled the list of his disposable week nights, allowing Saturday for rest."

And here is Mr. Tench with a pupil:—

"Miss Oonah Quigly, will you please to stand up there fornest me till we begin to get through our evening's work. You have only one night or so in the week, and it's only a relaxation and holiday's amusement to you, while I'm five nights working away, and talking, and putting stupid legs through their facings, and all for thirteen-pence a quarter. The other day I was passing Tottenham Green—you all heard of 'Tottenham in his boots'—and the squire was at the gate, ruralizing with Mr. Lee, of Rosegarland, and he stopped myself to have a noration with me for a long half hour; and when I was walking away, after saluting the gentlemen in my highest style—'There, Lee, says he, wasn't it odd that he only called him short by his name, while he addressed me in full length by the appellation of Mr. Tench?'—Lee, says he, 'it's seldom we perceive merit appreciated. There ought to be a statue of *brazen*'; brazen, I think, is what he said. I know it wasn't brass—a brazen statue," says he, 'raised to that genteel man in the Maullin of Ross, or the bull-ring of Wexford, or the market-house of Ennisceorthy.' Anyhow, self-praise is no commendation. Miss Oonah, please stand diagonally in that corner, with expanded breast. You may let your purty left arm lie this way across your hand relief, and your right palm cover the back of your left hand. Now look at me, and never mind whether the fongs of your pumps be loose or not. First position. Stand with your feet at an angle of eighty or ninety degrees.' Oonah's eyes opened wide at this. 'Never mind; flaxions isn't learned in country schools for a good reason the masters say. This is what I want—action suited to the world. Oonah essayed the pose, but persisted in keeping her head bent, in order to judge of her success. 'Heads up, and as you were, Miss Oonah. That will do. Be as much as your nose as if you were looking at the hene and turkey-cocks meandering on the dughill at home. Position No. 2. Throw out right foot, point toe, right heel to middle of left foot—so. Ah, your right foot is next the door.'—Master, I put the same foot as yourself.'—Miss Oonah, the next time you look at your comely face in the glass, the right eye in the mirror will be opposite the left one in your head. *Thigin thu* (do you understand)? Every one laughed except Oonah's sweetest and brother."

Finally having referred to incidents resembling each other in various countries, here is one of Dean Swift. The idea that popular Irish history made a *Romance* of him will remind readers of the elisions of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Wandering Jew' for the use of Roman Catholics:—

"They say when the Dean was dying, he bethought himself of becoming a Catholic. So he told the minister that was attending him that he was dying in peace with all the world except one Popish priest, and him he could not forgive. The minister then told him, as it was only right he should, that he must forgive every one, friend and enemy, or he could not get entrance into heaven. 'That's a hard case,' says the Dean; 'and such things as he has done to me! Well, well; if I must, I must; send for him: he's Father So-and-So, of Dirty-lane chapel.' And so the priest came, and the minister waited in an outside room, till at last he thought they were too long together; so getting uneasy he pushed in the door, and what did he see but the priest anointing the sick man. 'Oh, you impostor,' says he, 'if ever you rise out of that, I'll make a holy show of you.'—And if ever I do,' says the other, tart enough, 'I'll have your gown pulled off your shoulders for bringing a Popish priest to a dying man that's not strong in his mind.'—Edward, having read more than Joanna, hinted that this need not be considered the stark naked truth, as the poor Dean had been an idiot for some time before his death, in the very hospital he had himself founded but this new light thrown on the subject was not received with much gratitude."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This theatre will open on Monday, the 28th inst., for a brief season of performances of Italian opera. The company, which includes some of the best artists of the regular season, will consist of the following:—Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli Battini, Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Demerice Lablache; Signors Tombesi, Toboli, Battini, Gassir, Poli, Mr. Smitley, and Mr. Tom Hohler. Moreover, Mdlle. Clara Doria (*alias* Miss Barnett, daughter of the celebrated composer of the opera of "The Mountain Sylph"), who has had recently so much success at the operatic performances in Dublin with the *troupe* headed by Mdlle. Titiens, and Mdlle. Louisa Kellogg, a soprano of the very highest reputation, from the Academy of Music in New York, will both appear for the first time. Mdlle. Kellogg will perform Linda, in "Linda di Chamouni;" Mrs. M. Flotow's opera of that name, and other leading characters. She will make her debut on Saturday, the 2nd November.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—"Macbeth," with Messrs. Phelps and Barry Sullivan alternating the parts of the Thane, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin in the character of Lady Macbeth, with Mr. William Beverley's admirable scenery, Locke's music, very efficiently sung, and the general representation most worthily given, has proved a source of much attraction throughout the week. In the now acknowledged theatrically dull times preceding the Christmas holidays the success of the performance speaks trumpet-tongued on behalf of the legitimate drama, and proves that the love for Shakespearean plays—whatever sceptics may write or think—has not entirely died out. Indeed we are rather inclined to imagine that the immortal dramatist is in greater regard now than ever. We remember when Macready brought out "Macbeth" at Covent Garden with such splendour in the fittings and such completeness in the cast—which was supported by himself (Macbeth), Mr. Phelps (Macduff), Mr. James Anderson (Malcolm), Mr. Elton (Ross), Mr. Warde (Banquo), Mrs. Warner (Lady Macbeth), with Mr. George Bennett, Mr. G. Payne, and Mr. Meadows as the three witches, and the musical department sustained by Messrs. Wilson, Allen, Henry Phillips, Misses Roser, Sherill, Reinforth, P. Horton, Poole, &c.—we may have omitted or substituted a name—with a powerful and excellent chorus, and a first-rate band. The performance, though given only three times a week did not prove eminently attractive, whence to other conclusion can be arrived at—seeing that Drury Lane is filled nightly when "Macbeth" is played—than that the plays of Shakespeare are now more to the taste of the public. Mr. Chatterton is certainly doing his best to recommend Shakespeare to his audiences, and it is no fault of his if he cannot produce actors of the highest genius to do justice to the poet. Mr. Phelps's Macbeth has a great deal of merit, and is throughout a conscientious and highly-elaborated performance, with occasionally some touches of the finest art. Mr. Barry Sullivan cannot rank with Mr. Phelps in his delineation of the Scottish Thane, but he, too, has profoundly studied the character, and imparts to it a great deal of force and picturesque colouring. Mrs. Hermann Vezin has made her first appearance in London as Lady Macbeth. Her performance shows her to be thoroughly versed in her part. Nothing can be more easy and natural than her deportment, and her conception affords no point to find fault with. Mrs. Vezin is not properly a grand tragedienne; Lady Macbeth is out of her ordinary line, and although she may be said to carry the audience with her it cannot be proclaimed one of her best achievements. The sleeping scene undoubtedly exhibits her powers to the greatest advantage. Here the actress was all that could be desired, and we have seldom witnessed the scene rendered with finer skill and discrimination. It would not be difficult to specify other excellent points in Mrs. Vezin's Lady Macbeth, but the sleeping scene was incomparably the best.

MARRIAGE OF MISS KATE TERRY.

THE event which has deprived modern playgoers of the pleasure associated with a name we now write for the last time had been looked for with much interest by the general public; and though the quiet wedding, at the church of St. John, Kentish Town, on Friday, was conducted as privately as could be, so far as the families of bridegroom and bride were concerned, the entry of Miss Kate Terry on another scene of life was the occasion of great excitement among her many admirers. In fact, people of all classes literally flocked to witness the ceremony which was to make her the wife of Mr. Arthur Lewis, of the well-known firm, we believe, of Allenby and Lewis, in Regent-street; and the scene outside and inside the church was one not easily reconcilable with proper deference to the known wish for privacy. Yet it was scarcely surprising that the good taste which would have avoided display should thus have been thwarted in its purpose; nor was it quite inexcusable in the crowd that it should have been a crowd, and a pretty large one. All over the world and in all ages of its history we may remark a popular disposition to make much of marrying and giving in marriage. It is only the way in which this unanimous feeling is shown, not the mere showing it, that is at all open to question; and with deep regret one is constrained to own that, whatever may be the customs of other countries in the demonstration of general wishes for the happiness of a newly-married pair, they do not manage these things better in England.

Close up to the very space allotted to the bridal party in front of the Communion rails, the eager spectators of the ceremony pressed upon each other till standing-room would not have been mis-called "no room for standing." The seats were all occupied at a very early hour; for, it being a saint's day, there were morning prayers, which had to take precedence of the marriage service. Every place commanding a view of the altar—as the least ritualistic person will innocently call the Communion table on these occasions—was filled by two where one would have been but easily accommodated; and even the hole beneath the pulpit stairs was a refuge for ladies and children. The bride, whose features are so pleasantly familiar to the public, looked as graceful in her bridal dress and veil of rich Monmon lace as she has ever looked when attired for the part of some fictitious heroine; and those of the spectators who did not scruple to survey her through their opera-glasses will no doubt add the testimony of their close observation to this remark. Of her bridesmaids, dressed in white and green, two were mere children, her sisters, we believe; and she had also in near attendance on her Mrs. Watts, the sister whom the public know best as Miss Ellen Terry. The bridegroom, accompanied by two friends, met the bride's party, after morning service, in front of the altar rails; and the ceremony was then performed by the Rev. Canon Calvert, assisted by the Rev. G. W. Druce, the exhortation being read by a third clergyman, who was probably a friend of the happy couple. It was at the close of the morning service that Canon Calvert felt it his duty to remind the crowded congregation, or at least certain members of it, that they were properly present to take part in a solemn ceremony of the Church, and not to gratify their curiosity within show. This rebuke, too plainly merited, had some effect in subduing the over-anxious behaviour of ladies and gentlemen—we are afraid to say ladies only—in the galleries and aisles of the church.

Many carriages deposited and took up again a multitude of fashionable people at the church porch; but these were mostly unbidden marriage-guests. As we have said, the bridal party was a small one, and the wedding a studiously simple and quiet affair. None the less is it competent in the very wide circle of Mrs. Arthur Lewis's known and unknown friends to follow her into her happy retirement with their grateful good wishes.

A FLOATING HELL.

Mr. C. P. MEASON says in a letter to a contemporary:—There has just sailed from England for Western Australia a ship of 874 tons burden, whose living cargo consists, besides the crew and a guard of forty pensioners, of 280 highly criminal, depraved, and desperate men, in the full vigour of manhood, sentenced to terms of penal servitude varying from eight years to life, whose body it is the duty of the surgeon superintendent of the vessel, if they ever arrive there, to deliver over to the custody of the colonial authorities of the Swan River settlement. While undergoing the ordeal of nine months' separate confinement, and in their subsequent detention on public works at Portland, Portsmouth, or Chatham, precautions enough were taken to secure on these men's behalf at least an external compliance with decency and morality; but on board ship all hindrances to evil are entirely abolished, association is unrestricted, and a voyage of many months without the semblance of employment affords the opportunity of recounting each to the other those criminal experiences which render so many of them at the end of such a voyage the possessed of seven other devils more wicked than the first. Discipline, morality, and the ulterior hopes of their reformation, are ruthlessly sacrificed to a want of system and an ill-advised parsimony, while other revolting evils are rendered more than probable. There is indeed every reason to fear and believe that these floating prisons, into which convicts are packed after the manner of slave ships, are little less than schools of unnatural crime. The attention of the Royal Commissioners on penal servitude and transportation was drawn to this subject by the evidence which I gave before them four years ago; and they entirely coincided in my views, recommending that large and roomy ships, properly fitted up, should in future be

rise with the tide, whereby some lives were lost; but of the "sailing schools of crime" I never learnt of any *contretemps*, or that any specially criminal Jonahs were sacrificed. As Western Australia is the only colony to which we export our criminals, and it is so very far off, we are apt to think that whether prisoners are in a state of good or bad discipline on their arrival there is a matter of little moment, and, moreover, the Colonial Office is always promising itself that each ship shall be the last. Our last moral dirt heap is now rising very high, and its scent is in the nostrils of the purer settlement of British emigrants.

In a community of about 20,000, nearly one-half male with the brand of crime upon them; so that we are fast producing another Norfolk Island instead of disposing of our convicts, as Earl Grey recommended in a place "were they might form only a small portion of the population."

There are also signs that either the discipline carried out at such a distance from home is needlessly severe, or that for some reason—partly, perhaps, to be accounted for by the corrupting influences of the "middle passage"—convicts are very much worse there than they are at home. A memorial recently addressed by the convicts to the Legislative Council of Western Australia, which was sent home by the last mail, is evidence at least of a most unsatisfactory state of things, and of a non-reformatory system. There is no subject in reference to which the axiom "Prevention is better than cure," has more forcible application than in the restraint and control of criminals, and it is well to be prepared for every possible emergency. A few months ago we might have thought the police-van mania an impossible ebullition of the lawless mind; but a scene of carnage on the ocean, and resistance there to lawful authority, is quite as much within the range of possibility where a mixture of desperate men of the worst criminal type with Irish-

DEATH OF MISS AVONIA JONES.

With deep regret we have to announce the decease of the widow of Mr. Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, whose melancholy death caused by the foundering of the steamer London, in the Bay of Biscay, will be still vividly remembered by our readers. Mrs. G. V. Brooke, who continued to preserve her maiden name of Avonia Jones, under which her theatrical fame had been acquired, was the daughter of Mr. George Jones, an American actor, who was very popular in 1831 at the Bowery Theatre, under the management of Mr. Thomas S. Hamblin, and who achieved a good position in this country as a representative of Shakespearian characters about thirty years ago. Miss Avonia Jones was born at Richmond, Virginia, in the year 1836. It is most likely that her melodious baptismal name was suggested by a famous oration made by her father at Stratford-upon-Avon on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of our national bard. Accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Melinda Jones, the youthful actress first made a professional tour through Australia, where her talents were highly appreciated. Her first appearance in this country was on the 5th of November, 1861, at Drury Lane Theatre, when she appeared as Medea in an English version of M. Ernest Legouve's French tragedy of that name. Her success was complete, and her marriage with Mr. G. V. Brooke, who was then playing on alternate nights at the same establishment, took place shortly after. Miss Avonia Jones subsequently appeared at the Adelphi, and more recently at the Surrey Theatre (February 1866) as Lady Isabel Vane in Mr. Oxenford's adaptation of "East Lynne." After fulfilling a succession of provincial engagements, Miss Avonia Jones returned to America, and, at the time of her death, was preparing to go to Cuba, having declined several offers from American managers, to benefit her health by wintering in the



A VIEW IN SYRIA.

employed for this special service. Being anxious to ascertain how far their recommendations had been complied with, I went to the East India Docks a few weeks since to inspect the Hougoumont, which has just left with its criminal freight. The result of my observation is, that the entire arrangements are as bad and as inconsistent with discipline, morality, and order, as ever. The whole 280 convicts are packed on the main deck as close as they possibly can be in two rows, eighteen inches by six feet being the measure of each man's berth, and seventy of them having to sleep in hammocks. The bulkheads may be more strongly protected with iron and nails than was formerly the case; and there are little arrangements in the way of carbine holes for enabling the guard to fire freely on the convicts in case of need. Of prison discipline, of profitable occupation, or of industry, for a voyage of months there was not a sign or a possibility. One of our old useless men of war could easily, as I assured the Royal Commissioners, be fitted up with entirely separate cells of light construction, so as to prevent any danger of association, and to keep the convicts practically apart, but in spite of dangers which have over and over again proved to be imminent, the same system is pursued. I was in Portland in 1858, when the True Briton sailed with a cargo of most desperate convicts, and on that voyage the officer in command of the guard, of the 26th Camerons, reports that the escape of himself and the guard and crew was a mercy; for that seven distinct attempts were made on their lives. Surely such facts might have opened the eyes of the authorities, even without reference to the strong recommendation of the Royal Commissioners. And now is there less probability of the Hougoumont being the arena of a fearful scene? We know from Manchester and other instances, what the folly of Fenianism will dare; and a considerable number of those turbulent spirits are among the miscreants who have now left their country for their country's good; while it is stated that there is amongst them also the men who scuttled the Severn.

By some singular providence it has so happened that convict ships and convict hulks have been wonderfully preserved. Of the latter but one instance of a catastrophe is, I believe, on record, when the Justitia stuck in the mud at Chatham, and refused to

American rowdies who consider themselves martyrs, constitutes three-fourths of the living beings cooped up in a convict ship.

It will be a mercy if the Hougoumont reaches the Swan River without some frightful scene. But, at all events, the highest aims of reformatory discipline are sacrificed by the demoralising arrangements of such a system of deportation.

A VIEW IN SYRIA.

This pretty and picturesque sketch represents a troop of Syrian warriors halting to give their horses a drink of water from a mountain stream. It is after an original drawing, and is strictly correct and characteristic.

THE CHURCH OF SANTA CATALINA, SEVILLE.

In the descriptive notes and remarks on Mr. Roberts's "Sketches in Spain," we find the following particulars respecting the subject of the engraving, on page 601. "Occupying the site of an ancient mosque, of which the tower or minaret still serves as a belfry to Santa Catalina. Near the right is a fountain, surmounted by one of those beautiful open iron crosses, for the making of which Seville was celebrated. A curious jumble of Gothic, Moorish, and Palladianism; and wherever there is a jumble in architecture, there generally appears the picturesque." Mr. Roberts is fond of throwing a thin shadow-veil of purple neutral tint over the lower surface of towers, and he does it here happily enough.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859. —[ADVT.]

South. Rapid consumption proved, however, fatal, and on Friday, October 4th, she expired at her residence, No. 2, Bond-street, New York. Her remains were taken to Boston for interment in the Mount Auburn Cemetery. Miss Avonia Jones was an actress of great ability, and, as a woman, possessed a most generous and earnest disposition. After the sad fate of her husband she never recovered her former spirits.

MR. GRANT DUFF.

Mr. Grant Duff is too neat and complete for truth. His view of English politics is brilliant, sharply defined, full of *esprit*. But it is not the view of a man studying great laws of progress from beneath. It is the view of neat omniscience, with a bird's-eye view of the presumable future mapped from above. It makes very pleasant reading, and, as Mr. Disraeli said last session, may "subserve private complacency." But it does not give us the full help we look for from a man so accomplished as Mr. Grant Duff. The universe—political, no less than spiritual and moral and physical—is an exceedingly complicated one, and when we see half its complexities ignored for the sake of the greater neatness and brilliancy of the chart, we do not feel much inclined to guide our own steps by it, merely on the ground that it is so complete in itself, and so easy to understand.—*Spectator*.

PIEBALD NIGGERS.—The *Norfolk Day Book*, U.S., tells us of a negro in that city whose body is white, and his face as black as lamp black; of a woman whose face is piebald, and of another who has commenced to turn, beginning with a white spot behind the ear, of another who has been turning ever since he was a boy, whose face, hands, and arms are white, and whose body is black. Some of the Republican papers in America have commented upon these (supposed) facts with great exultation, and appear to consider them as the natural consequences of emancipation, while the Democratic organs ascribe them to miscegenation. But the fact is that there is a cutaneous disease which destroys the colouring matter in the skin of the negro. It is not an uncommon thing to see piebald negroes in Africa itself, and the albino is a congenital instance of the same character.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

AN American correspondent says:—There was something dramatic in the interview between the special peace commissioners and the representatives of the Brule, Cheyenne, and Ogallalla Indians. The chiefs arrived in the North Platte on the 15th ult., bringing with them several captives (among them a Scotch family, Campbells), and accompanied by numerous scouts, runners, and peace messengers. (The Campbells above alluded to, had been proportioned out to divers "braves;" three girls—Jessie, Christina, and Mary had been made wives, and two of them brought with them children born in captivity.) On the 19th the peace conference took place. The savages were painted and bedizened for the occasion. Each commissioner was sandwiched between two chiefs. All smoked, in solemn silence, the symbolic calumet. The talk was begun by Swift Bear, a Brule, who was followed by Commissioner Taylor. Speeches were also made by Big-Mouth, Cold-Face, Cut-Nose, Crazy-Lodge, Pawnee-Killer, Whistler, Standing-Elk, Spotted-Tail, Turkey-Foot, Man-that-Walks-Under-the-Ground, and Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses. The speech of Commissioner Taylor furnishes a good specimen of the style adopted by our agents in talking with the savages:—

"My Friends,—Your Great Grandfather, whose heart is right, has heard of the troubles of his red children on the plains, and he has sent us to you to see what is the matter. (Cries of 'Ugh, ugh'). He has heard that there is war, and that blood has been shed. He is opposed to war, and loves peace, and his heart is sad now. He has sent all these big chiefs to see you to ascertain what is wrong. You see here (pointing to General Harney) the great war chief of old times. Here (pointing to General Sherman) is the great warrior who leads all the white soldiers on the plains; and here are other great war chiefs. Here (pointing to Senator Henderson, of Missouri), is a great peace chief who helps to make laws in the great council chamber at Washington; and, last of all, here is your friend who speaks to you now, the commissioner of Indian affairs, and the superintendent of all these Indian agents. (Loud cries of 'Ugh, halo'). If the Great Father did not love

The game of this country is going away, and we lack ammunition. I hope you will give it to us. Look at me (standing up). I am small. You have told me the truth, and I have told you the truth. I have said it."

The great speech of the occasion was delivered by Big-Mouth, the Demosthenes of the Plains. The language and images employed by this genuine Child of the Setting Sun would do no discredit to any unpainted American speaker. Big-Mouth is a gigantic savage; he gives to his sentences a sledge hammer force; his gestures are said to be full of dignity and power. But here is the speech:—

"My friends and my people, open wide your ears and listen. Toward the North there are a great many Ogallallas; South there are Ogallallas, and I, with my people, stand between. But I am strong and bold. I wish to succeed in making peace between my people and the pale faces. (Turning round to General Harney.) This day, you, General Harney, tell me, did the Great Father send you here? Do you tell the truth? You are a great chief; I am a big chief also. I hope that the Great Father sent you to us. (Again he turned to the Indians.) All you that are sitting here in the council, I want to advise you. Be quiet. Behave yourselves. Leave the whites alone. Who and what are you? The whites are as numerous as the grass. You are few and weak. What do you amount to? If the whites kill one of your number you weep, and feel very sorrowful. But if you kill one of the whites, who is it that weeps for them. (Loud laughter and applause from whites and Indians.) I am saying this for the good of my people, and now, you whites (turning to the commissioners) I speak to you. Stop that Powder River road that is the cause of our troubles. The great evil grows daily. It is just like prairie grass, the evil is spreading among all the nations. Red Cloud and the Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses had a talk with General Sanborn last spring at Laramie. Did you (to Sanborn) tell the Great Father what we said? Here are the Sioux on one side, and the Cheyennes on the other side. I stand between two fires. And you, after talking and talking, and making treaties, and after we

THE AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

WE believe we are correct in asserting that the editor of the notorious, but somewhat unsavoury *Tomahawk*, is Mr. A'Beckett, son of the police magistrate, and contributor to *Punch*, lately editor of the penny sporting and music-hall paper the *Glowworm*. We also believe that the "Censor" of the *Star* is Mr. Hain Friswell, author of the "Gentle Life," honourably known in the literary world. Taking these premises to be granted, the following extracts from the *Tomahawk* and *Star* will prove interesting:—

Tomahawk, Oct. 15.

The following "affair" has shaken London to its very foundations this week. It is whispered that the "Censor" of the *Evening Star* is a certain Mr. Friswell. It is said that Mr. *Punch* has called the "Censor" of the *Evening Star* a "silly and vulgar person," and it is known that the *Tomahawk* has corroborated the words of his friend, Mr. *Punch*, in every particular!

Star, Oct. 16.

The "Censor" sincerely hopes that the editor and buyers of the *Tomahawk* are satisfied, chiefly the latter, for did no one patronise the unsavoury twaddle it must perforce fall. The satisfaction spoken of should arise from the fact that a penny novelist has issued the "Story of John Brown; or, the Fortunes of a Gillie," and that we may make no mistake about it, No. 3 contains this heading—"The Queen reveals her regard for John Brown, and extorts an oath from the Duchess not to reveal it." And what Queen? Well, there need be little doubt about that, since (probably without a private arrangement) the artist of this libellous fiction has copied from the cartoon of the *Tomahawk*, by Matthew Morgan, the chief figure of John Brown, the gillie of her Britannic Majesty, who, surrounded by admiring beauties, is seen holding down with his hand a coronet made to look like the British Crown. The face of the gillie in the cartoon is unmistakably rendered from photographs and Landseer's picture, and the novel follows in not unequal steps its great exemplar. And here, as every man of gentle nurture knows, is the danger of such unmanly scandals. The Queen her-



BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE FAR WEST.

you he would not send all these chiefs to see you. We are sent out here to inquire and find out what has been the trouble. We want to hear from your own lips your grievances and complaints. My friends, speak fully, speak freely, and speak the whole truth. If you have been wronged, we wish to have you righted; and if you have done wrong you will make it right. We wish to hear what you have to say. All that you say we will have written in a book, and will not forget it. We will think it all over, we will deliberate over it, and will then speak our minds to you. War is bad, peace is good. We must choose good and not bad. Therefore we are to bury the tomahawk, and live in peace like brothers of one family. (Cries of "Ugh, ha-on"). I await what you have to say."

Man-That-Walks-Under-the-Ground spoke as follows:—

"My friends, you see this coat I have on. It is my best. You have also fine coats on. Last summer you gave me this paper. (Producing a permit.) All my people have read it. I have listened to what you have said. If you are true I will listen again. By holding this paper in my possession my children and myself have suffered. Ever since I've been born I have eaten wild meat. My father and grandfather before me ate wild meat. We cannot give up quickly what we have been brought up in. (A pause.) My arms are not long, but I can reach far above my head. I am listening to what you have to say for peace. These roads, even before you made iron roads, scared away all our game. I want you to stop all these roads just where they are—the Smoky Hill and the Powder River. Tell your Great Grandfather that our arms are long and our shoulders are broad, and we can almost reach to where he is. All the nations were brought up here, but the white men are numerous yet; if we can all live together in it we will abide by what you say. Let our game alone. Don't disturb our game, and then you will have life. (Loud cries of "Hele-Ha-ow.") You asked me to-day what was the cause of all this trouble. I have told you. Tell the Father this, and then let us know his plan. I am small, but I am a married man and have children.

have listened to you, go and make the great evil larger. You set the prairie on fire. My Great Father told me through men like you that he would give 20 years annuities for these two roads, the Powder River Road and the Smoky Hill Road. Where are those annuities? I stand between the pale faces and the Indians. My people have come from afar. Give them presents and make their hearts glad. (Baastak-telo-Baastak-tela; loud and enthusiastic cries of "Ha-ow, Ha-ow-ugh.") Ah, I forgot something. I have a country up by Bear Creek, where a long tree stands. It has my name carved on it. That is my country. I am going there as soon as this council is over. I am going to keep it. I have spoken, and if you have anything to say I will listen."

Several other speeches were delivered, the Indian demands being, in brief, the abandonment of the Smoky Hill and Powder River roads, including the Pacific Railroad; payment of annuities heretofore promised; permission of the traders to visit the Indians as formerly; a present supply of ammunition and gew-gaws. On the 20th General Sherman returned the answer of the commissioners. The roads would not be abandoned. Powder would not be given at that time to all the chiefs, though a few knick-knacks would be offered. All proper payments would be made. Traders would be permitted to visit them. Finally, if hostilities were not abandoned the Great Father would let loose his soldiers, thick as buffaloes, and kill all the Indians. The scene, on either occasion of council, was worthy the pencil of an artist. In no stage effect is it possible to preserve the "dramatic unities" better than they were preserved in the North Platte meeting.

BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE FAR WEST.

THE engraving which we this week give of the above dangerous and exciting sport, may be relied on as truthful, as it is from an original sketch. From recent returns from the western prairies of America, it is estimated that more buffaloes have been brought down this year than any on record. A buffalo hunt has been so often described that we need not enter upon it here, as the engraving is graphic enough as to the nature of the sport.

self cannot defend herself, and the lie, propagated and enlarged in the process, permeates society to its dregs! From one very low nature a still lower catches the infection:—*Proximus ardet Ucalegon*. When a schoolboy has made on a tea-tray a quantity of those simple fireworks little black Etnas, which throw out miniature volcanic eruptions, if by chance one catches light, it fires all the rest. "It is their nature to," and thus our satyric, not satirical, contemporary, like a grain of gunpowder—small, smutty, and contemptible—excites like natures to be dangerous. Like natures—let the words stand; although certain wags will have it that they who form the staff of the *Tomahawk* are the authors of the four-farthing scandal bawled about by the croaking voices of coterie mongers in the purlieus of St. Giles' and Rag-fair, and to be sold on the kerbstones of Oxford-street and Whitechapel.

P.S.—Permit me to add by way of postscript a letter I have received. Taken with the first paragraph of this day's Censor it speaks well for our genteel contemporary who sets his little clock by the *Pall Mall* timepiece:—

"Mr. Censor,—Perhaps you remember a paragraph in the *Tomahawk* commencing in this strain, 'Who on earth, except royalty, ever heard of the Savage Club?'

"I beg to inform you that on the Saturday following the publication of that paragraph, the editor of the *Tomahawk* being then a member of the *Savage Club*, anticipated an impending request for his resignation by sending a letter to request that his name might be taken off the list of members.—Yours,

"BARBARICUS."

Let me add that the writer is not only well known to the "Censor," but well and ever honourably known in that "literary world" which the above adroit and nimble editor, with the sneaking pride of Congreve, but without his wit, loves, yearns for, lives by, and affects to despise.

As for us, we say nothing. While the lions roar we are content to look on and laugh at their rough music.

LAW AND POLICE.

ASSAULT ON AN INFANT.—John Wilkins, a draper, of 7, Springfield-terrace, Kentish Town, was charged before Mr. Barker with being drunk and violently assaulting Ada Wilkins, his child (about two years of age), and Jane Smith, his domestic servant.—The wife, who is very near her confinement, said that although her husband was drunk and abused and ill-used her, she did not wish to prosecute, and was about to give some evidence about the assault on her child and the servant when she was stopped by Mr. Barker, who said that she could not give evidence.—Jane Smith said: I am a servant in the employ of the defendant, and am twelve years of age. Shortly before twelve o'clock on Sunday night my mistress and myself were sitting in the kitchen, when the defendant came home the worse for liquor and made a disturbance. In consequence of his threats we went upstairs to the bed-room, when he called for me, but I did not answer him. He came upstairs, and the baby was lying on the bed, and he thought it was my mistress, and he struck the baby a violent blow in the jaw, making use of very bad language at the time. The baby could not cry because it took her breath away for some time. I tried to get out of the door a great many times, but could not, and he threw the towel stand at me, which struck me on the back, causing me great pain, which I now feel. I got out of the door and fetched a police-constable.—Police-constable David Brice, 62 Y, handed to the magistrate the following certificate:—

"I hereby certify that I was called up on Sunday night to the child of Mr. Wilkins, residing near the Junction-road, Kentish Town, severely injured by being knocked and kicked about by the drunken father. The child has sustained much injury about the head, one of the teeth being knocked out, severe vomiting following, and concussion of the general system.—JOHN DAY, M.B., 18, Kentish Town-road, Regent's Park.—Oct. 19th 1867."

The defendant said he came home on Sunday night the worse for liquor, and he could not get a light, and he called his wife, and he went upstairs and struck the baby in mistake.—Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner for a week.—On the application of the defendant he was admitted to bail; himself in £60, and two sureties in the sum of £50.

EMBEZZLEMENT BY A CLERK.—Henry Mallison, a respectable-looking young man, living at 27, St. Jude-street, Cambridge-heath, was placed at the bar on remand before Sir W. A. Rose, charged with embezzling various sums of money belonging to his employer.—Mr. John Dyer said he was a tripping manufacturer, carrying on business at 18, Addle-street and at Jude-street, Cambridge-heath. The prisoner was his clerk and traveller, and it was his duty to receive money and pay it to him the same day. From information he received, he had a constable into the warehouse, and in his presence, asked the prisoner why he had received certain accounts and not paid them in, and he then charged him with receiving four accounts of about £22. The prisoner said he had received them, and had not accounted for them, but he would do so. He offered to pay back everything he had taken.—Evidence was then given that the prisoner had received £2 10s. from Messrs. Williams and Son, of Friday-street; £6 19s. 10d. from Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, and Co., of St. Paul's-churchyard, and £4 16s. 5d. from Messrs. Hardy, Sone, and Co., of Wood-street.—Mr. Dyer stated that the prisoner had not accounted to him for those sums, or any portion of them.—Police-sergeant Charles Pickles, 2 K, said that he apprehended the prisoner at Mr. Dyer's office in Addle-street, and asked him what charge he preferred against the prisoner. Mr. Dyer said, "Embezzling several sums of money." The prisoner said he knew he had, and thought Mr. Dyer would find it out. He took him into custody, and then he gave up £3 9s. 11d. in money, which he said was part of a bill he had received on the previous Saturday.—The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF A THIEF.—Charles Barton, 27, who described himself as a commercial traveller, was finally examined on three charges of house robbery. The prisoner was taken into custody in a somewhat singular manner. While some young ladies at the house of Mrs. E. Brown, a widow, residing at East-hill, Wandsworth, were on the lawn playing at croquet, Harriet Powell, one of the servants went upstairs into her mistress's bed-room, and saw in the glass the reflection of the prisoner, who was behind the curtains of the bed, and creeping under it. She left the room without taking any notice of him, and shut the door. She then communicated with her fellow servants, and while waiting she saw him get out of the window and stand on the sill. Finding he was observed, he jumped back into the room, and broke a window. He dropped from another window and was chased, and apprehended, with the stolen property in his possession—namely, a gold watch, pocket barometer, &c., of the value of £20. He was afterwards found wearing two rings, which were the proceeds of another robbery at the house of a lady named Ince, the Cottage, Romford, on the 24th ult. After the last examination a female, named Ellen Barton, was taken into custody wearing a dress belong to Mrs. Watson, the wife of the Rev. T. H. Watson, of Trinity Parsonage, Tulse-hill, and also a ring belonging to Mrs. Ince. On that occasion the prisoner sent for Inspector Egerton, and told him that he would give him every information if he did not lock up the female, the bans of their marriage having been published in Spitalfields Church. The inspector told him that he could not hold out any promise; but on the Rev. Mr. Watson expressed an intention not to prosecute her, the prisoner gave information which enabled the police to recover the greater portion of the property. In the case of Mrs. Ince, the prisoner was seen to leave the gate, and in the case of the Rev. Mr. Watson, he was seen in the porch. Mr. Dayman committed the prisoner for trial on the three cases.

NARROW ESCAPE.—William Dane, aged 24, cabman, badge 4,170, was charged with being drunk during his employment and furiously driving a horse and cab to the danger of passengers; also, further charged with assaulting several constables, and also further charged with wilfully damaging a horse and cab.—455 A Reserve, said: Between eight and nine at night I was in Grove-road, St. John's-road. The prisoner was galloping his horse, attached to a hansom cab. When I got round the corner into Hall-road, I saw the prisoner's and another cab turned over in the middle of the road. I caught hold of prisoner, and said I should charge him with being drunk. He then resisted most violently, and kicked me, bit my finger and tore my trousers. I sent for assistance, and prisoner kicked us. I had to send for a stretcher, on which we had to strap him down.—237 S said: I was called to Hall-road, and saw the prisoner and the last witness on the ground. I got the prisoner off witness, when he turned and struck me a violent blow on the side of my head. The blow caused me to fall against the wall, and I am black and blue all up my thighs. He tried to bite my hand. There was a great contest, and prisoner's brother and another man came up and said they would take him away. I let him go, when he walked a short distance, and then turned round and kicked me. Prisoner's father came up and was kicked several times by him. He kicked whoever came in his way.—324 S, stated:—I was called to the place, and saw the prisoner and the two constables struggling together. I went to assist when he bit me on the leg. He twisted my leg, and I felt the pain very much now.—Police-constable 323 S, said that he went to assist, and the prisoner kicked him several times on the leg, just by his knee.—John Wakeling, a cab driver and proprietor, said: I was driving my four-wheel cab up the Hall-road, and the prisoner came galloping towards me. He bore down upon me, and I called to him. I had no time to get away. He drove on me, and threw my cab

over, and me as well. Inside the cab there was a lady and two children, and we had to get them out through the window. His horse went on mine, and hurt it very much indeed. I have since called out the lady, but could not see her as she was suffering from palpitation of the heart. It was a wonder that they were not killed. The roof of my cab was broken off, and the side torn away. My horse is much shaken and hurt, and as it was being led away moaned very much.—Prisoner's father said he would arrange about the damage. His son was like a madman.—Mr. D'Eyneourt said: First of all I have got to deal with you for being drunk during your employment, and for that I fine you 20s. or 10 days. Then you go on to great extent and kick about. For the assault upon the first officer I send you to prison for fourteen days, for the assault upon the second for a further term of one month.

SERIOUS RESULT OF A DOMESTIC BROIL.—Daniel Haigh, a labourer, was charged with assaulting John Alcott, a gentleman's coachman.—Inspector M'Hugo said that Alcott had been perfectly unconscious since the event and produced a medical certificate to that effect.—Ann Phillips, of 13 Fulham-bridge-yard, Knights-bridge, said that on Friday evening she was downstairs, when she saw the prisoner strike Alcott with his fist. She did not see him fall.—Mr. Selfe: Did he strike him more than once?—Witness: I cannot say, because I did not see the beginning, but he has got a black eye, and is now going to be taken to the hospital on a stretcher. He is quite insensible.—Inspector M'Hugo: The medical man thinks his skull is fractured.—Mr. Selfe: Have you seen him since?—Police-constable Ross, 206 B: I have, and he is lying quite insensible.—Mrs. Alcott said that there had been some difference going on between Mrs. Haigh and her about their children quarrelling and fighting, and when the men came home on Friday night they were brought into it and prisoner challenged her husband to fight, and struck him. He was dragged down the stairs, defending himself with a pail. She heard Mrs. Haigh and her sister say to prisoner, "Give him another to finish him." He bled when he was afterwards got upstairs and said, "He has stunned me," and he then became insensible.—The prisoner on his part, complained that the attack had commenced with the other party, and that his wife had been knocked down with a pail.—Mr. Selfe remanded the prisoner for a week, but said he would take bail for him.

LETTER-STEALING AND FORGERY.—Henry Gillett and Richard Oldacre were brought up on remand, charged with stealing a letter containing a post-office order for £5, forging the name of the person to whom it had been made payable, and uttering the document thus forged. Gillett was further charged with stealing a letter containing a draft for £11 7s. 4d., forging the endorsement thereon, and uttering the draft. Oldacre was defended by Mr. Abrams.—William Miller, police-constable, 148 G, deposed that about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 2nd inst. he was at the post-office in Bunhill-row, St. Luke's, when Oldacre came in and presented a money order for £5, saying that he was sent with it by Mr. Scully, of Gee-street, St. Luke's. He said that a "party" had called with it before, but was told to call again, as at that time the assistant could not find the advice. Witness then went out at the side door, and re-entering from the street by the front door, asked the assistant what he had presented. The assistant handed him the order for £5 produced. It was signed "Richard Scully." Witness took the prisoner in custody. On the way to the station-house, the prisoner said if witness would go to a certain public-house, which he pointed out, he would show him the man he got the order and letter from. Witness refused to do that, but took Oldacre back to the post-office, and, leaving him there, went to the public-house, but could find no person answering the description given by Oldacre. He then took Oldacre to the station-house. He said he knew the young man who gave him the order very well, but did not know his name or address, but had met him at the public-house. The young man had given him the order and the letter produced, saying that it was the one in which the order had been in.—Mr. J. Joseph Smith, the assistant, corroborated this statement, and added that he asked Oldacre the name of the remitter. He replied, "Mr. Newcombe, of Leicester," which was correct.—Mr. Richard Scully, of Gee-street, picture frame maker, said the prisoner Gillett was his nephew. He had no knowledge of Oldacre. Mr. Newcombe was a customer from whom he expected a remittance about the beginning of October. Never received the letter or order.—The officer Miller, being recalled, stated that after locking Oldacre up, he went to Gee-street, and saw Gillett coming down the street in a trap. He taxed the prisoner with stealing the letter and order. He admitted that he did so. Mr. Scully said, "What are you stealing my letters for? Have I not losses enough without you robbing me?" He at first denied, but afterwards acknowledged that the signature was written by him. He also said there were three letters, and he had stolen two of them, one containing a draft for £11 4d., that he got it cashed, and had £4 for his share.—Chas. Moffin, apprentice to prosecutor, proved the delivery of the letters, and that the prisoner Gillett passed through the counting-house while they lay on the desk.—Mr. Abrams said that in the interval of remand, the prisoner, having been out on bail, had sought out the person from whom he had received the order, who was now in attendance and ready to give evidence.—Charles Eades, a pastry cook's assistant, out of employment, said he received the order from a person who said he received the letter and order from a man named Wallace, and gave them to Oldacre to get the cash.—With respect to the second charge against Gillett, it appeared that a draft for £7 11s. 4d. on Smith, Payne, and Smith's Bank was enclosed to Mr. Scully by a customer, Mr. Astle, of Derby. The draft never reached Mr. Scully, and the draft was presented by some person not identified. The endorsement of Mr. Scully's name was recognised as Gillett's handwriting.—They were both committed for trial, and bail refused.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A POLICEMAN.

ABOUT midnight on Saturday as John Saunders, 133 E, aged 24, an officer belonging to the metropolitan police force, was on his beat in the Euston-road, he observed a man of suspicious appearance, whom he thought it his duty to watch; with that intention he followed him to Appleton-place (a turning leading out of Euston-road) and then into Crescent-mews, where he lost sight of him owing to the darkness of the place. He lost sight of him for some considerable time, but feeling sure that the man was still in the mews, he, at about half-past two, proceeded to the bottom, where several empty cabs were standing. On approaching the last one the man whom he had been watching suddenly rushed from behind it, with a sharp-pointed knife in his hand, with which he struck the constable on the right side of the head. The knife pierced the helmet, and entering the skull, inflicted a wound about an inch deep. The force of the blow felled the constable to the ground, and on his attempting to rise the man drew a pistol which he fired at the officer, wounding him in the thigh. The ball went in above the knee and passed completely through the leg, causing a copious flow of blood. Saunders then sprang his rattle, on which he was again attacked from behind by the ruffian, who struck him several violent blows with some blunt weapon, thus rendering him insensible. The ruffian then made his escape, leaving Saunders apparently dead in the mews, where he was found by Police-sergeant Wheeler, 18 E, who had him conveyed to the Hunter-street Police-station, where he was attended to by Dr. Paul, the divisional surgeon. On the sergeant returning to the spot in the mews he discovered a knife on the ground where the outrage had taken place, and also a pistol and the bullet with which the officer had been wounded. In the cab behind which the cowardly ruffian was concealed the sergeant found two ounces of gunpowder in a piece of brown paper, all of which articles he took charge of.

ROBBERY OF THE MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS'S JEWELS.

A YOUNG man, named Bell, was placed at the bar, at the Middlesex Sessions, on Saturday, charged with stealing certain articles of jewellery the property of the Marchioness.

Anne Bradley, lady's maid to the Marchioness of Hastings identified the jewels, and deposed to having missed them from the hotel on July 23.

Mr. Wm. Lambert, proprietor of the White Bear Hotel, deposed to having seen some of the jewels in the prisoner's possession towards the end of July, and to having helped him to raise money on them. The witness continued.—On the 17th of August the prisoner was taken into custody in my house. I went to the House of Detention to see the prisoner, as he sent for me. I told him I was sorry to see him there, and he said, "It was the greatest lark in the world how I got these rings." I was walking along Bond-street, and met a lady; she took me to a street leading out of Bond-street; we went through the hall, where there was a servant in livery, and upstairs into the drawing-room. We stayed there about three-quarters of an hour, and the lady put those rings on my fingers. She put two on her own at the same time out of the case. I made an appointment to meet her the same evening, and, not having any money I borrowed the £2 on them." He said she failed to keep the appointment, and I said the best thing to do was to get the things back, as he told me where he had sold them. The story he told me at the House of Detention was the only account he ever gave me as to how he got possession of the rings.

Cross-examined by Mr. Ribton.—On the Sunday night he went out, and on his return he told me that a lady had failed to keep an appointment she had made with him. On the Sunday the prisoner was very fashionably dressed. He gave me a description of the shops where he had sold two of the rings, one he said he could not remember, and one he said he had lost. I went to Hancock's, the Court jeweller, and gave information. The prisoner was then taken into custody.

Re-examined.—I knew the prisoner five weeks before he came to stop at my hotel. I knew him as the Hon. Mr. Bruce, and therefore his wearing such rings did not particularly attract my attention. He always appeared to have plenty of money.

By the Court.—The prisoner said the rings he was wearing were family jewels.

Several jewellers and pawnbrokers were then examined, and detailed the manner in which the accused disposed of the rings. After which

Mr. Henry Dove, partner in the firm of Hancock and Co., jewellers, of Bond-street, said—Two of the rings produced were bought at our establishment. The whole of the rings before me are worth about £300. The two rings were purchased by the Marquis of Hastings.

Cross-examined.—I had an advertisement inserted in the Times, and other papers, by the instructions of Lady Hastings, who described all the rings to me.

Charles Hunt—I am footman to the Marquis of Hastings, and arrived at the St. George's Hotel, Albemarle-street, on the 20th of July. I went with the carriage on Sunday when Lady Hastings went to church. The carriage returned a little before five o'clock, and the marchioness went into the hotel. I then drove the carriage away, and did not return till seven o'clock.

Henry Orsborne—I am superintendent of the St. George's Hotel, Albemarle-street. The Marquis and Marchioness occupied the ground and the first floor. He described the position of the back staircase, and said it would take half a minute to go to the top of the staircase from the front door. All the female servants in the establishment were examined in the presence of the prisoner.

Cross-examined.—I do not think there was any other family in this house except the Marquis of Hastings. There are two other houses containing six suites, but I cannot tell how many of them were occupied at that time. There are about nine female servants in the house. I cannot say how many families were in the house at that time without referring to my books. Since this inquiry has been going on the marquis's valet has told me that one of the marquis's scarf pins is missing, but a search has not been made for it at Donnington Hall.

Florence Cecilia Marchioness of Hastings, was then called and examined by Mr. Sleigh.—The rings produced are my property. We came to town on Saturday, the 20th of July, from Donnington Park. It is my maid's duty to put away my jewellery when I leave Donnington for London. From Sunday to Monday I wore the same rings. On the Sunday afternoon I ordered the brougham at half-past three o'clock to go to church. I went straight back to the hotel from church. I then paid some visits, and came home at half-past seven to dinner. I came home from church a little before five o'clock, and remained about ten minutes; not longer. While I was there I went to the drawing-room and bed-room. I did not see my maid then. I came home at half-past seven, and then dressed for dinner. On the Tuesday, when I came in from my drive, I missed three rings. I asked my maid where they were, and she said she did not know. A search was made everywhere, but the rings were not to be found. I never put my rings in the jewel case, but I leave them about anywhere.

George Silverton.—I am an inspector of the metropolitan police. I heard of the rings being missed on the 17th of August. I saw the prisoner on the 20th of August at the White Bear Hotel, Piccadilly, and took him into custody on another charge. I then told him that he would be further charged with stealing rings belonging to the Marquis of Hastings, and he said he won them at a game of billiards. I afterwards saw him, he having sent for me, at the police-court, and he said he had the rings from a lady. He said on the Sunday evening he was walking in Bond-street—a lady was on one side of the street, and he was on the other. She nodded to him, and he returned it. That they then went to a house in a street near Bond-street, and, having remained there for about three-quarters of an hour, the lady took from a case five rings and put three on his fingers and two on her own. She promised to meet him at eight o'clock the same evening, but did not keep her appointment. He gave some information where he had sold two of the rings, and said he had lost one of them whilst fishing in Scotland. He described the lady who had given him the rings as having been dressed in black silk, with cape to match, and ribbons hanging down her back. He said he could identify the lady if he saw her, and I had all the family servants assembled to see if he could identify her. The prisoner looked at all of them, and then asked if he was bound to identify any one of them, and I said, "Certainly not." He then said, "Then I will not."

The witness was cross-examined by Mr. Ribton as to the rings having been recovered through the instrumentality of the prisoner and the information given by him. He had received information that a pin belonging to the Marquis was missing, but he had not completed his inquiry as to whether the pin was really stolen, or whether it might be at Donnington.

Re-examined by Mr. Sleigh.—The ring the prisoner said he lost from his finger whilst fishing in Scotland I found had been sold to Mr. Webb, a jeweller, in Oxford-street. That information I got from Mr. Froggatt, the solicitor for the prisoner.

The Assistant-Judge summed up the evidence.

The jury, after a consultation of twenty minutes, returned a verdict of guilty.

James Elliott, detective officer, of Sunderland, proved a previous conviction.

The Assistant-Judge said it was lamentable to see a young man in such a position, he being not only an adept in billiards but in robbery. He had managed to get possession of a large quantity of jewellery belonging to the Marquis of Hastings. Under these circumstances he should pass a severe sentence, which was that he should be kept in penal servitude for five years.

ARE CATHOLICS AFRAID OF LIBERALISM?

The paragraph in the *Guardian* announcing that Dr. Newman has given up his scheme of founding a hospital or establishing an oratorian community at the desire of the Papal authorities ought not to pass quite unnoticed. On reading such a statement the outside observer can hardly fail to exclaim against the foolishness of a priesthood which, having for once such an opportunity for advancing the culture of their communion, could throw it away as if it were a mere trumpery question as to one Catholic chapel more or less in the kingdom. This, however, is very far from being an explanation of the whole matter. Nor, again, is the prohibition to be looked on as a repetition of that jealous snubbing which was so steadily administered to Dr. Newman by Dr. Cullen, Dr. MacHale, and other Irish prelates, that he was driven to give up his rectorship of the so-called Catholic University in sheer weariness of the conflict. The putting an end to this Oxford project is simply one of the many manifestations of that spirit of intense exclusiveness which now possesses the Roman Catholic episcopate all over the world, and in which they see their only chance of maintaining their ground against the liberal spirit of the age. They have lost all confidence in the intellectual and moral power of Catholicism to hold its own in that new combination of circumstances in which they find themselves. Formerly their one aim was to be permitted to go everywhere, penetrating into every sort of society, confident that they had but to present themselves and put forward their credentials, and they would somehow win the day. As it now is, they are so smitten with terror at the advancing critical and liberal spirit of the age, that they are as much afraid of Protestant association as the most timid of Exeter Hall dowagers is afraid of the Jesuits. Against persecution, High Churchism, Dry Churchism, and Evangelicalism, they felt their position impregnable; but in Liberalism they instinctively recognise a power from which their only safety is in flight. Accordingly, their policy is the same everywhere—in Rome, in Ireland, in Austria, and now at Oxford. Dr. Newman, fearless in his convictions as to the truth and influence of his own creed, looks to raising the tone of Catholic education, and to the conversion of Anglican undergraduates and bachelors, as the natural result of his scheme. Dr. Manning and his coadjutors tell the Pope a very different story, for they see only the future liberalising of the Catholic gentry and nobility. And from their own point of view no doubt they are in the right. But what an anti-climax to the theological drama of the past! The ex-Archdeacon Manning is the cause of the permanent exile of John Henry Newman from Oxford.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

The *Times* says the change of ministry at Florence, and the countermanding of the French expedition to Rome, are a quick, but by no means clear, solution of one of the most tangled meshes of the present European web. There may be mysteries in these transactions into which one would be unwilling, even if one were able, to dive. To the lovers of peace, of course, all is well that end well. The Ultramontanes must be delighted with the new lease of existence unexpectedly allowed to the Papacy. As to the friends of Italy, they must ask for time to recover their breath, taken away by the suddenness of a catastrophe so utterly at variance with what they had for so many days been led to anticipate. In ordinary circumstances a Cialdini Ministry could not fail to be universally popular, and would be allowed every chance of a fair trial. The moment, however, is very critical. The transition through which the country is made to go is desperately sudden and violent. Surprise and dismay may for some time hush up the agitation. But matters may also turn out otherwise. Were the report of Garibaldi's escape from Capra to be confirmed, even the present act of the drama would probably not be closed without a tragic scene; nor would it most certainly be the last act. Whatever may be the actual upshot of the movement at the present moment, the difficulties with which the new Government will find itself beset on its first installation are so great and so many that it is impossible to look forward even to the immediate future with anything like confidence. The late campaign in Venetia and in the Adriatic had put the self-esteem of Italy to a cruel trial; but her last attempt upon Rome inflicts a far deeper humiliation. A great responsibility falls upon those who gave the first impulse to the rash movement; but those, also, who brought it to so sudden, and to so ignominious an end, run every risk of being called to a serious account. There is only one man who may be heartily congratulated on the termination of the present difficulty and that is the Emperor Napoleon. The extreme boldness of the French Emperor has been justified by the wonderful discretion of the Italian King.

ANOTHER INDIAN COURT MARTIAL.

COURT-MARTIAL on medical officers appear to have been rather frequent lately in India. Mr. Fearon, a staff-assistant-surgeon doing duty with a detachment of the 93rd Highlanders, has been tried for being drunk and having in consequence neglected for four hours a patient who was dangerously ill, and who at the end of that time died. The assistant-surgeon was also charged with having accelerated the death of his patient—a brother officer, Ensign McKechnie—by giving orders that no food should be administered to the sick man until he (the doctor) came to administer it in person. Of this portion of the charge, however, and of that of drunkenness, Mr. Fearon was acquitted, but was found guilty of neglect of duty, and sentenced to be severely reprimanded. Sir William Mansfield, while approving the finding of the court, thought the sentence "very lenient," an opinion in which most people will probably concur, and expressed his hope that the "awful lesson" thus read to Mr. Fearon would not be lost on him, and that it would be "carefully applied by the young medical officers of the army, amidst the social temptations which, of all members of the community, they are most bound to resist."

FINANCIAL FRIGHT.

THE *Telegraph*, referring to the failure of the Royal Bank of Liverpool, repeats the questions which every business man has for some time anxiously put to himself—Why does capital still stagnate for want of employment at the very time that enterprise seeks its aid to infuse new life into the languid heart of industry? Why is one Bourne after another a scene of ungovernable panic, men's hearts failing them for fear, and the boldest spirit yielding to the contagion of blank despondency? Why is there a general impression that, great as has been the trouble of the past, worse still remains behind? And how is commercial confidence and activity to be restored? Remove distrust permanently and thoroughly, and the work of amelioration would at once commence. In the order of importance, however, it is political apprehension that must first be calmed down. If those vicious examples of the triumph of brute force which we have witnessed on the Continent could be forgotten, and the weaker communities whose existence now hangs by so slender a thread could be reassured, one great obstacle to returning confidence would vanish. Still further, if emperors and kings would take their subjects into council and voluntarily abandon that tempting engine of aggression which is the curse of modern Europe, nations would breathe freely, and the world would be at peace. Until that great source of anxiety is removed nothing is gained; but secure that point, and a change in the present anomalous state of the money market may be predicted with certainty.

THE TRAFFIC REGULATION ACT.

THE *Post* points out that the general impression that the Act for regulating the traffic of the metropolis and making provision for the greater security of passengers in the streets is to come into operation on the 1st day of next month may turn out, at least as regards a portion of this important statute, to be erroneous. Part I. opens with the enactment that no person shall, after the first day of January next, do the things therein prohibited under pain of the penalties prescribed, and the operative words of this portion of the Act, at all events, appear to be limited by the date in question. The last section of Part II. declared that the Act shall not come into operation until the first day of November next. It will be seen that this latter provision, being negatively expressed, does not contravene the first section. It is not said that the Act shall come into operation on a day certain—i.e., the 1st of November, but that it shall not come into operation before the date here specified. It seems quite clear, therefore, that as to the first part of the Act at any rate, it will not come into operation—cannot be enforced—until the commencement of the new year.

WHERE EMIGRANTS SHOULD GO.

THE Canadian newspapers appear confident that before long emigrants will prefer their country to the States. Wages may in some cases be nominally higher in the latter country, but that is not sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages of heavy taxation, depreciated currency, and the artificial dearth of all commodities. The *Toronto Leader* asserts that "many classes of mechanics get 40 or 50 per cent. more here than they do in the United States," and trusts that the tide of emigration will flow into Canada, where there is so much need of it, "the country being bare of labour in almost every department."

AN ECCENTRIC WAY OF "PUTTING" IT.—The eccentric Baron de Ponnat, who, at the Peace Congress of Geneva, denounced Christianity as the cause of all modern wars, has just addressed a "lettre de faire part" to several of the Paris newspapers on the occasion of his daughter's taking veil. "The Baron de Ponnat," runs the letter, "is grieved to have to inform you of the cruel loss that he has just sustained in the person of his youngest daughter, Mlle. Joséphine de Ponnat, whom superstition has buried alive in the convent of Confians (Seine), for the greater glory of God and of the Ladies of the Holy Heart."

A DUEL IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* reports a duel which took place on Saturday. The combatants were Prince Achille Murat and the Marquis de Rougé, who was slightly wounded in the arm. The cause of the duel has been a subject of much gossip. It appears that a gallant officer, whose refusal to grant leave of absence to a gallant and noble subaltern was overruled by a very high authority, wrote a letter, strictly confidential, to one of the combatants, in which he said that the service was going to the dogs, and added other things not meant for any eye but his correspondent. Somehow the letter, was lost or mislaid, and fell into the hands of a third party, who showed it, or reported its contents, to a very exalted person. Hence the duel, which it is said is to be followed by another. On dit that the exalted person to whom the letter was shown merely observed, "He makes me pay very dearly for the favour I have shown him." The *Figaro* published an account of the affair without mentioning names, and its article was no doubt considered as rendering a renouveau inevitable.

GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE WHO SEND TELEGRAMS.—The *Railway News* publishes the details of the reduced charges for telegraphing to and from America which are to come into operation on after the 1st of November. It is proposed to reduce the present charge of £10 to 4s for a message of ten words, giving five words not exceeding twenty-five letters for the name and address of the sender and receiver of the message. All extra charges for code messages are to be abolished the rate being the same as for ordinary business. The companies, however, reserve to themselves the right of declining to send any particular form of code which may be offered to them. For any word over and above ten, and five for name and address, the charge will be 7s. 6d. Provision is made in the agreement for a further revision of the tariff, and for a return to the original rates if the receipts during the current three months do not reach a certain specified sum.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
BROTHER WILLIAM PLATT'S
MASONIC WORKS.
6, BEACON BUILDINGS, STRAND, LONDON.
Masonic Jewels, Clothing, Banners, Furniture, Decorations, and Embroideries for Provincial Grand Lodges, Craft Lodges, Mark Lodges, and Royal Arch Chapters. Also for K.T., R.C., 3rd and 4th Degrees.

21,000 IN PRIZES.
In a Few Days, price 6d., post free 7d. Vol. I. of
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE MONSTER SONG BOOK.
To be completed in Three Volumes, price 6d., each containing:—

768 Pages,
1,536 Columns,
3,000 Songs.
Each Volume will contain a Prize Numbered Cheque, entitling the purchaser to a share in
A GRAND DRAWING
for
PRIZES VALUE £1,000.

A purchaser of the Three Volumes will be ENTITLED TO THREE CHANCES in the GRAND DISTRIBUTION.

"London Herald" Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

£10 AND UNDER FOR 6d.

In a Few Days, price 6d., post free 7d. Vol. I. of

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE MONSTER SONG BOOK.

Containing a

PRIZE NUMBERED CHEQUE,

Entitling the purchaser to a share in

PRIZES VALUE £1,000.

A purchaser of the Three Volumes will be entitled to

THREE CHANCES.

Full particulars in Vol. I., price 6d., post free 7d., to be ready in a few days.

"London Herald" Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—Every BOOK-SELLER ORDERING ONE DOZEN VOLUMES OF THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE MONSTER SONG BOOK WILL RECEIVE GRATIS A PRIZE NUMBERED CHEQUE, entitling him to a special distribution of Prizes value £100, in addition to the Prize Cheque contained in each volume.

"London Herald" Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

THE MAYNE REID LIBRARY.

In Foolscap 8vo, price 2s. each, Fancy Boards.

Adopt in the Forest.
The Maroon.
The White Gauntlet.
The Half Blood.
The Seal Hunters.
The Wood Rangers.
The Guerrilla Chief.
Lost Lenore.
The Rifle Rangers.
The Cliff Climbers.
The Boy Slaves.
The Tiger Hunter.
The Hunter's Feast.
The White Chief.
The Wild Huntsman.
Ocean Waifs.

THE STANDARD TWO SHILLING LIBRARY.

Foolscap 8vo, Picture Boards.
The Cloud King. By W. S. Hayward.
The Black Angel. By Ditto.
Star of the South. By Ditto.
The Fiery Cross. By Ditto.
Demon of the Sea. By Ditto.
The Coral Reef. By Percy B. St. John.
The Sailor Crusoe. By Ditto.
The Snow Ship. By Ditto.
The Young Buccaneer. By Ditto.
The Prairie Hunter. By Captain Flack.
Ran Away from Home. By Cannibal Charlie.
The Roadside Inn.
Major Jones's Courtship and Travels.
Comic Tales and Pictures of Life. By Albert Smith.

LONDON: C. H. CLARKE, 13, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Sold by all Booksellers, and at all Railway Stations.

JUST PUBLISHED.—SECOND EDITION.

Price 1s., or by Book Post, 1s. 2d.

CIRCULATION ANNUALLY INCREASING.

RECORDS OF 1866, by EDWARD WEST,

Author of "Records of 1861," and of each succeeding year.

"This little volume, being the sixth of the series, like all the author's similar works, is written in a style that cannot fail to interest the reader, bringing under his notice the leading events of the past year."

EDWARD WEST, 1, Bull and Mouth Street, E.C.

THE PLAINS OF HEAVEN, THE DAY OF WRATH, AND THE LAST JUDGMENT.

These three very fine large engravings, from Martin's last grand paintings, 30s. Also, Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time (this is a very fine engraving by Landseer), 15s.; proof, 21s. Every description of picture frames kept in stock, at the lowest prices, at GEO. REES, 57, Drury-lane, and 34, St. Martin's-lane. Established 1800.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

Cures Headache, Giddiness, Sea or Bilious Sickness, is most effective in Eruptive or Skin Affections, and forms a most invigorating saline draught. Sold by Chemists, and the Maker, H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, Holborn-hill, London.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS

Have worked such wonderful cures of the most dreadful external maladies that no sufferer may despair of regaining soundness till these mighty remedies have had a fair trial. These invaluable medicaments act in unison in purifying, regulating, cooling, and healing, and confer soundness, strength, and vigour.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

BILIOUS and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH. It unites the recommendation of a mild aperient with the most successful effect; and where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted. Sold by all medicine vendors. Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. per box.

CERTAIN CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE,

face ache, head ache, or rheumatism in the head or shoulders, without pain or medicine. Wear a piece of the Amalgamated Swissherb's Metal, like many thousands do. To be had, with instructions, for 1s., or by post 13 stamps, of M. DRUCKER, Patentee, 47, London Wall, City.

LUXURIANT WHISKERS AND

MOUSTACHES guaranteed by "FOX'S NOTED FORMULA" to grow heavily in six weeks on the smoothest face—by acting direct on the sebaceous glands without injuring the skin; also a sure remedy for baldness. Thirteen stamps.

Mr. FOX, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are con-

stantly recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigestion. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient. Thousands can bear testimony to the benefits of their use.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every town in the kingdom.

CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not purchase the imitations.

READY IN A FEW DAYS.

BOW BELLS ALMANACK FOR 1868.
This handsome Almanack, containing thirty-eight magnificent engravings, will surpass, both in elegance and general information, any almanack that has ever been issued in this country.
Price 6d. All Booksellers.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND.

BOW BELLS

THE FAVORITE MAGAZINE.

Now ready, price 6d., part XXXIX. for October.

With which is presented, Gratis,

A COLOURED STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE FASHIONS

FOR OCTOBER, DRAWN AND COLOURED BY

HAND IN PARIS.

CONTENTS:

CAPTAIN GERALD.

By the Author of "Hawthorne," "Mary's Victory," &c., Illustrated.

RONALD MACDONALD.

By the Author of "Viola's Valentine," "Aston Grange," &c., Illustrated.

THE QUEEN OF CLITHORLY MILL.

By the Author of "Carynthia," "Who did it?" &c. Illustrated.

COMPLETE STORIES,

PICTUREQUE SKETCHES,

Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts,

Biographical Memoirs with Portraits,

Essays,

Pages Especially Devoted to the Ladies,

New and Original Music,

Poetry,

The Work Table,

The Toilette and Ladies' Guide.

Varieties,

Savings and Doings,

Our Own Sphinx,

Notices to Correspondents, &c.

Price 6d., Post-free 9d.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND.

DICKS'S SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE

with Life and Portrait, and 36 Illustrations by

Gilbert, Wilson, &c., printed in bold, legible type, and

good paper, being the cheapest book in the world.

ONE SHILLING.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND.

DICKS'S BYRON

LORD BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS,

with Life and Portrait, and Sixteen Illustrations,

uniform with

DICKS'S SHAKESPEARE.

SEVENPENCE; post free, 3d. extra.

* May be had, beautifully bound, 1s. 2d.

Cases to bind the above, price Sixpence each.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND. All booksellers.

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.—This

POPULAR ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL contains TWO

NEW TALES, and other interesting features, as

follow:—

THE RED DOCTOR. By LEOPOLD WRAY.

THE WHITE SECRET. By HILLYN SMITH.

DRAMATIC TALES. By an OLD ACTOR.

And Topic Cuts of New Buildings, &c.

16 pages, One Penny.

313, STRAND.

THE CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

EIGHT PAGES—FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

This is the cheapest and largest weekly newspaper

issued from the press: it contains eight pages, or forty-

eight columns. As a family newspaper and an organ

of general intelligence it stands unrivalled; while its

enormous circulation denotes it as an excellent medium

for advertisements. Persons intending to emigrate

should read the Emigration and Colonial Intelligence

in REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER. For intelligence connected

with the drama, markets, sporting, politics, continental

and colonial matters, and the current literature of the

day, accidents, inquiries, &c., this newspaper is un-

paralleled. There are FOUR EDITIONS issued weekly: the

FIRST in time for Thursday evening's mail, for abroad;

the SECOND at Four o'clock on Friday morning, for

Scotland and Ireland; the THIRD at Four o'clock on

Saturday morning, for the country; and the FOURTH

at Four o'clock on Sunday morning, for London. Each

Edition contains the LATEST INTELLIGENCE up to the

hour of going to press. Quarterly subscriptions, 2s. 2d.,

post-free, can be forwarded either by Post-Office Order

(payable at the Strand office), or in postage-stamps.

* Send two postage stamps to the publisher, and

receive a number as a specimen.

TO MEMBERS OF FRIENDLY AND TRADE SOCIETIES.

THE POWER AND WEALTH OF THE

WORKING CLASSES DEVELOPED. By

WILLIAM WATKINS, Author of "Forestry and its

Claims," the "Letter of Unites," &c.

Can Friendly Societies Increase their Benefits without

Adding to the Members' Contributions?

Can Trade Societies Increase their Power, and Gain

Legal Security for their Capital?

Can the Working Classes Become (Numerically) the

Strongest Possessors of the Land, and their own

Freeholders?—Yes. Read "The Power and

Wealth of the Working Classes Developed,"

Price One Penny.

LONDON: FREDERICK FARRAR, 282, Strand; or of

the Author, WM. WATKINS, 40, Market-place, Junction-

road, Upper Holloway, N. Free on receipt of two stamps;

six copies free for six stamps; twelve copies, ten

stamps.

* Should be read by every working man.

THE SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

Price 2s., picture boards. New volumes, just

published and reprinted:—

Married beneath Him. By the Author of "Lost Six

Massingberd."

Jack Brag. By Theodore Hook.

Castle Richmond. By Anthony Trollope.

Wildflower; or, Rights and Wrongs. By F. W.

Robinson.

Tales of All Countries. By Anthony Trollope

Luttrell of Arran. By Charles Lever.

The Jealous Wife. By Miss Pardoe.

Head of the Family. By the Author of "John

Halifax."

MOURNING.—Messrs. JAY, anxious to remove an impression which they find has gained undue circulation, that none but the richest materials in made-up Skirts, Mantles, and Millinery are sold at their establishment, deem it a duty to themselves and to the public to assure all Families who have not yet dealt at Jays' Mourning Warehouse that they sell an excellent Family Mourning Dress, full length, for the small sum of £1 15s. Good wearing materials are cut from the piece, and at more than an equivalent for the price, which is from 1s. per yard upwards.

JAYS' THE LONDON MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, and 251, REGENT-STREET.

NEW VELVETEEN SUITS FOR AUTUMN.—Elegant jacket, robe, and petticoat complete, in rich velveteen, 2 guineas; serge 1 1/2 guinea. New short costumes for walking, 1 guinea. Yachting and travelling dresses, with jacket, complete, £1 5s. 6d. Patterns post free.

CHAS. AMOTT AND CO.,
61 and 62, Saint Paul's, London.

SPECIAL AUTUMN PURCHASE.—REAL SCOTCH SERGES, wide width.—CHAS. AMOTT AND CO., Saint Paul's, will SELL, next week, 500 pieces of SERGES bought from a manufacturer in difficulties, at half their value, all colours, at 1s. 1d. per yard, extra wide, usually sold at 2s. 3d. Patterns post free.

CHAS. AMOTT AND CO.,
61 and 62, Saint Paul's, London.

LADIES' VELVETEEN SUITS, TWO GUINEAS.
THE NEW ATLANTIC SUIT,
For Yachting and Seaside wear,
TWO GUINEAS.
Short Costumes, for Walking or Travelling,
ONE AND A HALF GUINEA.
Patterns Free.

HORSLEY AND CO., 71, Oxford-street, W.

DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN WELL DRESSED? Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth from 15s. 9d.; Useful School Suits from 12s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloth, directions for measurement, and forty-nine engravings of new dresses, post free.—**NICHOLSON'S,** 50 to 52, St. Paul's Churchyard.

COLLARS!
ASK your hosier for the highly-finished **MEMORIAL STANDARD COLLAR.** Also the approved Memorial Shakespeare and Belgravia Collars, worn by every one; but in purchasing them, great care should be taken to see that the highly-glazed finish is on them.

Sample dozen sent for twelve stamps by **E. B. MORSEY AND CO.,** 68, Bartholomew-close, E.C.

J. P. DONALD & CO.
(LATE STAMMERS, DONALD, & CO.),
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
64, Strand, and 2, Aldgate.

DONALD'S 12s. 6d. TROUSERS.
Unrivalled.

DONALD'S SUITS for the HIGHLANDS,
FORTY-TWO SHILLINGS.

DONALD'S FROCK COAT, 33s. 6d.
With Watered Silk facings.
A LARGE STOCK ALWAYS READY
of every description of Garment.
Fit and Quality guaranteed.
64, STRAND, AND 2, ALDGATE.

SEWING MACHINES.
W. F. THOMAS & CO'S
NO. 2 MACHINE, £10.
This is the celebrated No. 2 Machine, unequalled for the work of Tailors, Cap-makers, Boot-makers, Stay-makers, &c., and capable of being used for almost every kind of work.

THE NEW PATENT DOMESTIC MACHINES,
£6 6s. and £8.
Complete on Tables, with Stand and Treadle, with all the latest Improvements.

These Machines will be found thoroughly useful and reliable for all Household purposes, and vastly superior to Chain Stitch Hand-working Machines. They produce a durable Lock Stitch, and are practically the cheapest Machines before the public.

Catalogues and Samples of Work sent post free.

W. F. THOMAS & CO.,
1 and 2, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., and REGENT-CIRCUS,
Oxford-street, W., LONDON.

35s. "THE WONDER" 35s.
CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
Makes the Elastic Stitch, will Hem, Seam, Bind, Quilt, Embroider, and all household sewing.
Guaranteed 12 months.—Catalogues free.

L. A. KNIGHT & Co., 42, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, London.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. Incomparably superior to all others, by whatever name known.

Machines Warranted. Instruction gratis. Illustrated Prospectus and Samples of Work Free.

GROVER AND BAKER,
150, REGENT-STREET, W.
And 59, Bold-street, Liverpool.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE-MEDAL SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES, with all the latest improvements, for every home. Are the simplest, cheapest, and best—does every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Price from £6 6s.

WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn-bars, London, E.C.

BRITISH PRUDENTIAL and CONSOLIDATED ASSURANCE COMPANY,
62, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.
Annual Income, £155,000.
New Premium Income, progressing at the rate of £50,000 a year.
Every description of Assurance business transacted. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.
Prospectuses, &c., on application.

HENRY HARBEN, Secretary.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!
The Gem Breech-loader of the day is JONES'S MINUTIA GUN, which throws a shot 300ft. with great precision and force. French-polished, Ivory mounted, walnut-wood stocks: Single barrel, 1s. 6d.; double barrel, 2s.; carriage-free and safe, with printed instructions, 2 stamps extra. **T. A. JONES,** Model Gun Works, 352, Essex-road, Islington, N.

The Trade and Shippers supplied.

HANCOCK, BURBROOK, & Co. (Limited)
(now EDWIN W. STREETER).
SPECIALITY MACHINE-MADE JEWELLERY
Of 18-Carat Gold, worth £3 3s. 8d. per ounce.
To be obtained only at
37, CONDUIT-STREET, BOND-STREET, LONDON.

THE 10 GUINEA SUITE in 18-CARAT GOLD (Machine Made).
Viz., the Ram's Head, Bee, Etruscan, Buttercup, and other patterns, at the Jewellers to
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
37, CONDUIT-STREET, BOND-STREET, LONDON.

THE 30 SHILLING EARRINGS in 18-CARAT GOLD (Machine Made)
At the Jewellers to
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH,
37, CONDUIT-STREET, BOND-STREET, LONDON.

THE MACHINE MADE CHAINS.—(Ladies' or Gentlemen)
£5 6s. the oz., with Patent Swivel, at the Jewellers to
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
37, CONDUIT-STREET, BOND-STREET, LONDON.
Photographs sent on Application.

BENSON'S WATCHES AND CLOCKS.
By special appointment to
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Prize Medal, London, Class 33; Dublin, Class 10.
WATCHES—CHRONOMETERS, KEYLESS REPEATERS, CHRONOGRAPHS, &c.
CLOCKS—FOR DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS, CARRIAGES, CHURCHES, &c.
JEWELLERY—SPECIALITIES IN MONOGRAMS, CRYSTALS, DIAMONDS, AND FINE GOLD.
PLATE, AND WORKS OF ART IN BRONZE, BY LEADING ARTISTS.

PRICES AND DESCRIPTIONS, SEE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, POST FREE.
Watches and Clocks sent to all parts of the World.
J. W. BENSON, 25, OLD BOND STREET.
Steam Factory and City Show Rooms,
58 and 60, LUDGATE HILL.
Paris Exhibition, 1867, English Section, Class 23.

PRESENTS for Weddings.
Catalogue post free.
ASSER and SHERWIN.
81, Strand, and 69, Oxford-street, London.

PRESENTS for Birthdays.
ASSER and SHERWIN,
81, Strand, and 69, Oxford-street, London.

PRESENTS Complimentary.
Catalogue post free.
ASSER and SHERWIN.

PRESENTS for All Occasions.
Catalogue post free.
ASSER and SHERWIN.

PRESENTS, 2s. 6d. to £50.
ASSER and SHERWIN,
81, Strand, and 69, Oxford-street, London.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.
MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLES.
Illustrated Catalogue post free.
ASSER and SHERWIN.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.
BAGATTE BOARDS, of the best make,
from 30s. complete.
ASSER and SHERWIN.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.
PARLOUR GAMES, from 1s. to £20.
Illustrated Catalogue post free.
ASSER and SHERWIN.
81, Strand and 69, Oxford-street, London.

THE GREATEST MARVEL of the AGE
is **GOOD'S PACKET of STATIONERY, &c.,** consisting of three Engraved Plates—viz., one Name Plate, 4 in. by 2 in. highly polished, with name engraved; one neat Plate for Stick or Umbrella, with name; and a Seal Plate with Initials, engraved reverse for stamping envelopes, &c.—24 sheets of cream Note Paper, 25 Envelopes, Penholder and one dozen Pens, and Blotting; 50 Book Labels (two sorts), the Ivory Memorandum Tablets, and an amusing Game of Fun for the Million, consisting of 52 cards, ornamental designs. The whole sent post free for twenty stamps, by **W. F. GOON, Engraver, &c.,** 12, Paragon-street, Hull. N.B.—A Name Plate and 50 Ivory Cards—Lady's or Gent's—enclosed in the above for 1s. 2d. extra.

1000 CUSTOMERS WANTED FOR GOOD'S SHILLING PACKET of STATIONERY, consisting of 25 best Ivory Cards, with your name thereon; a Seal-plate with your initials engraved reverse for stamping envelopes; 24 sheets of Note Paper, 25 Envelopes, Penholder, 1 doz. Pens, Pencil, 3 doz. Book Labels, and the Ivory Memorandum Tablets. Post-free for 16 stamps.—**W. F. GOON, Engraver, 12, Paragon-street, Hull.**

METROPOLITAN STEAM BLEACHING AND DYEING COMPANY, 17, Wharf-road, City-road, N.; and No. 472, New Oxford-street, W.C.

THE GREAT CARPET CLEANERS AND CARPET DYERS.

THE BED AND MATTRESS PURIFIERS.

THE celebrated BLACK SILK and DAMASK DYERS.

THE STEAM CHINTZ GLAZERS.

THE LONDON BLEACHERS.

PRICE LISTS FORWARDED.

METROPOLITAN STEAM BLEACHING AND DYEING COMPANY.

STRAW HAT AND BONNET MANUFACTURERS who have not purchased any of the ECLIPSE BRONZE should do so at once, as it is the best and cheapest bronze liquid; price 30s. per gallon, or 8s. 6d. per quart, with directions for use. Several shades, fast and free from smell.—**THOROW-GOOD AND SON, Drysalers, &c.,** 36 and 37, Cock-lane, Giltspur-street, London, E.C.

CLEANLINESS.—**W. G. NIXEY'S** refined BLACKLEAD, for polishing stoves and all kinds of ironwork equal to burnished steel, without waste or dust. Sold by all shopkeepers in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 1s. packets.

Counting-house, 12, Soho-square, London.

THE BEST AND SWEETEST PERFUME OF THE DAY IS
THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.
Price 1s. per bottle. Prepared only by **J. M. ROBSON,** 32, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside.

PIANOFORTES ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.
MOORE AND MOORE LET on HIRE the following **PIANOFORTES** for three years, after which, and without any further charge whatever, the pianoforte becomes the property of the hirer. Pianettes, 2 1/2 guineas per quarter; Piccolos, 3 guineas per quarter; Cottage Pianos, £2 10s. per quarter; Drawing-room Model Cottage, £3 18s. per quarter; **HARMONIUMS ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.**—Price Lists Free. Carriage Free to all parts of the Kingdom. Extensive Ware-rooms, 104 and 105, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

HARMONIUMS at 286, Oxford Street, are warranted to be of the very best Manufacture. Prices without stops, £4; three stops, £6; five stops, £7 7s.; seven stops, £8 15s.; eight stops, £10 10s.; ten stops, £13 10s.; twelve stops, £17; fourteen stops, £24; sixteen stops, £30; twenty stops, £45. **C. LAYLAND and Co.,** Harmonium Manufacturers, 268, Oxford-street, London. The Trade supplied.

PEACHEY'S
PIANOFORTES LET on HIRE, FOR ANY PERIOD,
OR FOR THREE YEARS SYSTEM OF PURCHASE.
Hire allowed. Carriage Free.
The largest assortment in London of every description and price.

CITY OF LONDON PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY,
PEACHEY,
72 and 73, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.
*New Grand Pianofortes Let on Hire for Concerts, Lectures and Public Dinners.

PENNY READINGS.—SONGS and BALLADS sure to be received with applause.
The Two Boats. Good Night. (Sung by Jetty Treffz.)
The Woodland Stream. Ever Thine.
The Liquid Gem. Her Bright Smile.
The Wishing Cap. The Pilot's Daughter.
Thy Voice is Near. Home They Brought.
The Bridge (Lindsay).
The Happy Gipsy.
Any of the above sent free on receipt of 19 stamps.

LONDON: ROBERT COCKS AND CO., New Burlington St.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE. 599th edition, 4s., free for 28 stamps.
"It is unapproached by anything of the kind that has hitherto been produced."—*Oriental Circular*, March 26th.—London: **ROBERT COCKS AND CO.,** New Burlington-street; and may be had everywhere.

LONG LOOKED FOR, COME AT LAST!
HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100 QUADRILLES, WALTZES, POLKAS, &c., for the Violin, in complete Sets for Dancing, price One Shilling and Sixpence, post free.
HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100 COUNTRY DANCES, for the Violin, (the Real Old Favourites), price One Shilling and Sixpence, post free.
HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100 FAVOURITE SONGS AND BALLADS, for the Violin, price One Shilling and Sixpence, post free.

Great care has been taken to render these arrangements sufficiently easy to be at the command of the moderate performer.

MR. HARRY CLIFTON'S
CELEBRATED SONGS with CHORUS.
Pulling Hard Against the Stream. Bear it Like a Man.
Up with the Lark in the Morning. Work, Boys, Work.
Motto for Every Man. Where There's a Will There's a Way.

Also the following Comic Songs:—
Jones's Musical Party. Up a Tree.
My Old Wife and I. My Rattling Mare.
Polly Perkins. Shelling Green Peas.
My Mother-in-Law. The Railway Bell (e).
The Weepin' Willer. Pull Back.
Water Cresses. Merry Old Uncle Joe.
And upwards of a hundred others.

Comic Duets for Lady and Gentleman, as sung with immense success.
Mr. and Mrs. Wright; or, The Happy Policeman.
Folly and Fashion. Love and Pride.
The Music and Words of the above Songs may be had of all Music and Booksellers in the United Kingdom; and of the Publishers, **Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond-street, London, W.,** where all Mr. Clifton's other Songs can be obtained. Post for Eighteen Stamps each.

THE DIASTATIZED IRON, FOR STRENGTHENING THE SYSTEM.
THE DIASTATIZED IODINE, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The above is in the shape of sweetmeats, and pleasant to the taste.
By a scientific process of combining the Iron or the Iodide with Cress Seed, the valuable properties of the Iron or Iodide are fully developed, while the obnoxious parts are done away with, and the most delicate stomach can digest them with perfect ease.

Price 2s. 9d. Sold at all the Chemists.

Dr. BAUP'S Preparations bear his Signature on the Government Stamp—none Genuine without.

Sole Agent for England and the British Colonies, **CHARLES LANGE, 6, Monkwell-street, London.**

FALSE TOOTH on VULCANITE, 3s. 6d.;
Complete Set, £1; Tooth on Dental Alloy, 7s. 6d.; Complete set, £6; Tooth on Platina, 10s.; Complete set, £9; Tooth on Gold, 15s.; Complete set, £12. Materials and Fit guaranteed. Stopping, 2s. 6d.; best 5s. Misfits and old sets bought or re-fitted.

MR. WARD, Surgeon-Dentist and Practical Dentist to the Profession many years.
Testimonials undeniable. Consultations Free.
188, OXFORD-STREET, W.

LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.
MR. FRANCOIS, Surgeon-Dentist, continues to SUPPLY his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanized base, at 5s. a tooth, and £2 10s. the set. These teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self-adhesive.—42, Judd-street, near King's-cross and Euston-square.—Consultations Free.

THE only Lady Dentist is Mrs. HARDINGE, 126, East-road, City-road. Good Teeth, 2s. 6d.; Best, 5s.; Sets from 30s. No charge if satisfaction not given. See Testimonials. Ask for the Lady Dentist. Stopping, 1s.; Scaling, 2s. 6d.; Extracting, 1s. No Stumps extracted, or painful operation required to fix artificial teeth.

VARICOSE VEINS.
W. H. BAILEY AND SON,
418, OXFORD STREET,
Beg to recommend their Newly-improved ELASTIC STOCKINGS, which are exceedingly light, being one-fourth the weight of those usually made. They are particularly suitable for wearing in warm weather. Improved Belts, Trusses, Railway Conveniences, &c.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—Managing Director, Mr. F. Strange.—Three Ballets, 200 Dancers, 60 Instrumentalists, Singers, Acrobats, Mimics; Pictures, Latest Telegrams, Saloons, Supper Rooms, Lavatories, Smoking Rooms. Evening Papers. Ten Orchestral Pieces every night. Open at half-past seven, begin at eight. Prices 1s., 2s., and 6d.; reserved seats, 4s.; private boxes from £1 1s.—Box Office open from eleven to four.

THE OXFORD, the Musical Establishment of London.—The Oxford, redecorated in the Italian style, is at once elegant, the best ventilated, and has the most varied entertainment in the world.—**OPEN EVERY EVENING.**

CANTERBURY HALL, the best and most varied entertainment in London—Opera, Comedy, Ballet, &c., by all the best artists. Also the Fine Arts Gallery is open every Evening. Admission: area and balcony, 6d.; stalls, 1s.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park,
Z OPEN DAILY (except Sundays). Admission 1s.; on Mondays 6d.; children under twelve, 6d. The Picture Gallery, containing a series of original water-colour drawings, by Wolf, of animals in the Society's Gardens, is open every day (except Monday) at twelve o'clock.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—**PARIS EXHIBITION.**
NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS AND OTHERS.
Arrangements are now made for the conveyance of ARTISANS and their Wives and Families, FACTORY HANDS, and other WORKPEOPLE, through to PARIS at REDUCED FARES, by ordinary Third-class Trains daily, on production of the authorised form of certificate from their employers.

Forms of Certificate and information as to the Trains and arrangements can be obtained on application to the Booking Clerks at any of the principal stations.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.
Paddington, August 28th.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—ARTISANS' RETURN TICKETS to PARIS are now issued by the LONDON, CHATHAM, and DOVER RAILWAY (on production of a certificate from their employers), from LUDGATE HILL and VICTORIA Stations, by the 5.40 p.m. Express Train, arriving in Paris the following morning at 7.0 a.m., at the greatly-reduced fares of 26s. 8d. second, and 20s. third class. Forms of certificate to be obtained at all the Booking Offices of the Company.

J. S. FORBES, General Manager.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—SPECIAL FIXED SERVICE at REDUCED FARES, leaving VICTORIA and LUDGATE HILL Stations of the LONDON, CHATHAM, and DOVER RAILWAY daily, as follows:—
Victoria, at... 5.45 p.m. | Ludgate Hill, at 5.40 p.m.
Arriving at Paris at 7.5 a.m.
RETURN TICKETS, AVAILABLE FOR FOURTEEN DAYS, FROM LONDON TO PARIS AND BACK.
First Class... 60s. | Second Class... 40s.
Third Class... 30s.
J. S. FORBES, General Manager.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
SUTTON'S PATENT FIRE LIGHTER.

EVERY ONE SHOULD USE THEM.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
WHOLESALE, 16, CARBUNTON-STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

CRAWFORD-STREET is only **FIVE MINUTES' WALK** from the Baker-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.
WALKER'S Celebrated HAT WAREHOUSE is No. 49, and stands at the Corner of CRAWFORD ST. & SEYMOUR PLACE. It is the largest in London.

KNOW YE ALL MEN.—WALKER'S Fashionable HALF-GUINEA HATS are equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. each at the usual retail shops.

WALKER, HATER,
49, Crawford Street, W.

CHIGNONS.
FANTASIA, COMIQUE, EMPRESS and DUCHESS.
Chignons, 8 stamps; Fantasia, 12; Comique, 18
Empress, 24; and Duchesse, 21 stamps.

The above can be had singly or in any quantity by sending to

T. EDSALL,
ORIGINAL MANUFACTURER,
45, WHITCOMB-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE, LONDON.

The above sent post free to any part of the Kingdom.

AN ENORMOUS PERMANENT IN-
COME immediately realisable by either sex, with unerring certainty by a comparatively nominal outlay, without trading liability. These facts are trebly verified on unquestionable authority. The strictest scrutiny courted. Enclose directed stamped envelope "Y"—**J. P. PARKER, Esq., Solicitor, 27, Southampton-buildings, London.**

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY & COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated OLD IRISH WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very whole-some. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at most of the respectable retail houses in London, by the appointed agents in the principal towns of England, or wholesale at 3, Great Windmill Street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.
"MAIZENA."
THE FAMOUS PUDDINGS, CREAMS, SOUPS, CAKES, &c. of "MAIZENA" served daily in all the Buffets. Visitors should not miss this delicious luxury.

This "MAIZENA" has just received the only Silver Medal for Corn Flour, the Jury reporting it "Perfection of Preparation."

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PHILLIPS AND CO'S TEAS are the BEST and CHEAPEST.
8, King William Street, City, London, E.C.
A general Price Current, post-free. Teas, carriage free.

Printed for the Proprietor, by **JUDD and GLASS, Phanix Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons** and Published for the Proprietor by **E. GRAYNES**, at the Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.—Saturday, October 26, 1867.

I.R. NEW
RECEIVED
No. 3
THE L
The atte
made by
Rothschild
to abolish
Show, is as
selfish and
cannot kno
old landm
completely
procession
interfere v
even if it
tolerated.
have all L
ed for an h
one man in
has been th
festival for
III. in the
reign, gran
permission
mayor to th
Barons of
yearly on t
the day af
St. Jude,
altered by
"for alteri
(24th Geo.
sec. 11.) to
November
following d
pageants w
land throug
to Westmin
when Sir
terminated
a building a
ceded, atte
companies
upon the t
highway,"
ing in his p
"Row th
Westm
And may
for ever
And this
continued
200 years—
stayed it an
for about 16
not till 16
took place
Mayor, Chr
Gilbert He
was the last
rode on his
mayoralty,
Friend Tim
state carriag
horses, was
not too soon
Shorter, 168
effects of a
on opening
fair. In 1
the state co
to six, and i
state coach,
bread," was
junior alder
enson being
expensive a
lose so old a
new harness
can recollect
wisdom" o
words passe
minster, for
second mayo
The "state
oars, was bu
1860 for £10
built 1816, a
cost £3,300,
now anythi